MASSASOIT

BY

ALMA HOLMAN BURTON

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MASSASOIT

A

ROMANTIC STORY OF THE INDIANS
OF NEW ENGLAND

ALMA HOLMAN BURTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE W. BARDWELL

THE MOSHER COMPANY
NEW YORK
1920

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PREFACE

In writing this simple narrative, the author has attempted to give the young reader some idea of a race that is fast disappearing from view.

The Story of Massasoit and his kinsmen is but a short story of the Indians of the United States. The childhood of Massasoit might have been that of any other Red Man, who had roamed at will through the forest. And when, as a great sachem, he donned his royal mantle to welcome the Pilgrims, he only did as other chiefs had done, when the winged ships touched upon their shores. Among all the Indian tribes, there was a dim tradition that a Paleface would one day come to banish pestilence and famine, and bring eternal summer to the woodlands.

The mysterious muskets, the magic plows, the whirling windmills, and other alluring devices of the strangers, seemed to the simple savage but the emblems of divinity, and it was, perhaps, still in the belief, that some way, the old tradition would be fulfilled that Massasoit, friend of the White Man, went to his last long sleep

But hardly had the echoes of the funeral wails died away among the hills, before the tragedies of the Pequods were repeated with the people of Massasoit.

The death of Wamsetta, the tragic end of Pometacum and of Canonchet, the undoing of Annawon, after he had delivered the wampums of the last chief to his victor—all came like the tocsins of destruction to the tribes in the Land of the Bays. Some fled through hidden paths to await, beyond the Alleghanies, the coming of their foes; some threaded the forests to the banks of the St. Lawrence to return in after years with fire and blood; while the few who remained behind, mingled with the negroes as vagrants and outcasts upon their ancestral soil.

The author has devoted several pages to the early Colonial life of the Puritans, that the reader may better understand how even the highest type of Christian citizenship could not make a place for the Indian. She has closed the narrative with the French and Indian war, because, with the fall of New France, the battles of the frontiers ceased. The war-whoops died away in the distance; and only the pine-trees of New England remember to chant a solemn requiem to the fallen heroes of the forest.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE STORY OF THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

AN INDIAN BABY.

A VERY long time ago many tribes of Indians dwelt in a land which they called "The Land of the Bays."

No spot on all the vast continent of America was more favored than this.

First, there were many bays where canoes might safely glide in search of fish.

There were Casco, Saco, Penobscot, Massachusetts, Cape Cod, Buzzards, Narragansett and many, many other smaller bays playing hide-and-seek among the headlands of its coast.

Then its sandy beaches were full of clams and lobsters, its marshes resounded from morning till night with the cries of wild fowl, and tangled forests hid the very choicest of game.

The Indians who claimed this beautiful country

all belonged to the great Algonquin nation; but they were divided into many tribes, each having a sachem or chief of its own. The most powerful tribes were the Tarratines, the Massachusetts, the Wampanoags, the Narragansetts, the Pequods and the Mohegans. Barbarous names enough these seem to be when written out in black and white, but spoken in the language of the Indians they sounded like the murmur of pine trees or the gurgling of brooks, so musical they were.

Can you picture these people in your mind? They are tall, slight and agile, eyes jet black, hair straight and black, skin copper-colored, face sometimes gloomy and sometimes noble and mild. Dressed in skins and armed with bow and arrow, they flit in and out of the forests so stealthily, and skim over the water so swiftly in their light canoes, that it is difficult really to know anything about them.

So we must find an Indian baby to study day by day, just as we would our own little baby brother. And surely there never was a more interesting baby than the little Indian, Bright Eyes.

His father was a great chief or sachem, who dwelt on the east bank of the Taunton river, near the lovely spot where its waters empty into Narragansett Bay.

When this baby's eyes were first opened, they looked straight into the face of a loving squaw mother. Hers was not a handsome face, to be sure, after our way of thinking. The small eyes were far apart, the forehead was low under the coarse black hair, the mouth large, and the skin a reddish copper in color. But there is no doubt, if this wrinkled bit of a baby could think at all, it thought this face was beautiful; for love was there, and even an Indian baby knows what the smile of love is.

The first thing Bright Eyes knew about life and its troubles was a plunge, once, twice, three times, into a cold stream of water, which fairly took his breath for a moment. But before he had his mouth in shape for a cry, he was wrapped up, as snug as a bug in a rug, in a beaver skin and laid away in a quiet corner of the wigwam to sleep.

This wigwam was a tent which the squaw mother had made. She bent long, straight saplings round like an arbor with both ends stuck into the ground. Then she covered them inside and out with mats, and hung a mat at the door to keep the wind out. Straight overhead was an opening where the smoke escaped from the fire built on the floor in the middle of the room. Bright Eyes loved to watch the blaze of this fire,

and to smell the venison cooking in the great, earthen pot. Hi, how good it did smell!

In warm May weather he was tied, with the fragrant ribbons of linden tree bark, in a cradle of thin wood. It was soft with sweet grass from the meadows, gay with porcupine quills and shell beads and rattles. It hung on the bough of a tree near the field where his mother worked.

Here Bright Eyes lay swinging, among the branches, long hours at a time. If he cried it did not matter; he had to learn to be patient. The blue sky smiled down upon him, the balmy breezes brought kisses from the sea, the pine-trees told stories in very solemn whispers. Squirrels, with tails in air, whisked madly in and out among the branches overhead, as if to say, "Don't you think that you could catch me?" Birds sang to their mates in the nests; but little Bright Eyes was quite sure they were calling to him, and was so busy listening to all the voices of the forest that he had very little time to cry. His cradle hung so that he could see the green hillside with a bubbling brook, and the wigwams along the edge of the river. He saw his patient mother at work. She carried wood from the forest for the fire. She dipped up water from the spring in a bucket made of bark. She pounded the last year's dry corn to

HERE BRIGHT EYES LAY SWINGING AMONG THE BRANCHES.

make cakes, which she wrapped in leaves and baked in hot ashes.

When the leaf of the white oak was the size of a mouse's ear, she hoed the ground with a clam-shell and dropped herrings into the holes that the corn might grow strong and green.

There was much for Bright Eyes to see from his perch in the tree. But sometimes the sky grew black. The winds rushed with a roar through the pine trees. The tides swept in from the bay and tossed the spray high into the air. Then straight into the wigwam went little baby, cradle and all. Did Bright Eyes cry at that? Not a bit of it. He crooned to the rain as it pattered on the roof of mats. He sucked his chubby fist and set himself to gazing at the strings of yellow squash and the rows of red, white and blue corn which hung on the walls. The pictures, embroidered with colored porcupine quills, were very curious, and the deer heads, eagle claws and bear claws pleased him immensely.

But at the back of the wigwam, high up where no rude hands could touch it, was an odd little bundle which Bright Eyes could never make out. It was such a dirty little bundle of brown skins; and yet it was something very precious. At early dawn on hunting days his sachem father stood be-

fore it, lifting up his hands, and calling out in a loud voice; and sometimes a strange-looking man in paints and feathers and wampum beads danced before it and sang and shouted to it as if he were going mad. This was the powwow priest, and the bundle of dried skin was a sort of god which brought good luck in the chase or the warpath.

Yonder, near the doorway of the wigwam, hung bunches of black hair. There was a long row of them, and warriors often came into the lodge to gaze at them. They counted on their fingers, one, two, three, four, up to ten; then they shut both hands and counted the fingers over again. Twenty long black locks of hair—the scalps torn from the bleeding heads of warriors killed in battle!

Alas, what castle of Bluebeard was ever worse than this? And yet there lay this innocent little pappoose wishing he might have the black bunches for playthings.

CHAPTER II.

AN INDIAN BOY.

BRIGHT EYES got into mischief as soon as he was old enough to toddle about on his unsteady legs. He tangled the long grasses with which his mother was weaving nets to catch the shining fish.

He stumbled into the thin, brittle rinds of the linden trees, which she was sewing into corn bags with a needle of bone and threads from the fiber of an elm-tree. He broke a drinking-cup made from a dried squash. He cracked some earthen pots which had cost a great deal of wampum money. "Hi, bad pappoose!" cried his mother. She scolded the little busybody, but she never whipped him. He was to be a great warrior some day, and must never know what fear of anybody living was.

When Bright Eyes grew yet stronger, he ran about the village, playing leap frog and wolf with his mates, jumping, running and wrestling.

As soon as his hands were large enough to hold a little bow and arrow, a mark was set for him to shoot at. "Hi, brave pappoose!" if he struck in the red spot. "He will follow the bear to its cave!

He will bring back a deer to the lodge! He will win scalp locks for his girdle!" Thus shouted his mother as she watched him at his games.

He could soon swim like a fish, dive like a beaver, climb like a bear and run like a deer.

Sometimes when he was plunging into the cool river he fancied he was a beaver. Then he clutched at the mud with his hands and feet, piled up mounds on the water's edge, and ran in a wriggling fashion on all fours, spreading out his mouth to take in the twigs and pebbles to build his beaver lodge.

He knew all about the habits of the beaver, and often lay on the limb of an overhanging tree watching them as they built their village. This was something like a log rolling, and the whole community joined in the work. But laying up provisions for winter was almost always a family affair. Father and Mother Beaver and their two or three children worked busily to provide for the time when the trees would be stripped of their tender leaves.

The old beavers gnawed by turns at a maple or a poplar, and sometimes the younger ones tried their teeth.

They sat on their hind legs and cut all around the tree, cutting deeper on the side it was to fall.

Finally the trunk began to crackle, then there was a crash and the whole beaver family plunged into the pond, where they kept as still as mice till they were sure the noise of the falling tree had brought no Indian trapper. Then all came out of their hiding-place and began to lop off the branches and carry them to the pond, where they sank them in a pile near the lodge. They carried the smaller branches on one fore leg and limped off on the other three; they pushed the larger limbs with their bodies, grasping now and then with their powerful teeth to guide them.

It was a sad thing when a beaver became old and toothless. Unable to borrow and ashamed to beg, he began to steal the cuttings of his neighbors, and was sure to be found one day gashed in the side.

Once the father of Bright Eyes found a very old and toothless beaver in his trap, and he said, "It was just as well for this beaver to die in a trap, for see, he has no teeth and would soon have been killed by his fellows for stealing."

Once Bright Eyes heard a sound just like an Indian baby's cry. He followed the noise and found two little beavers hungry and alone. They wanted their mother. Bright Eyes searched all through the neighboring wood, and at last found

the old beaver fast in a trap. He felt so sorry for the lonesome little babies that he set the mother free, and she went limping back to her lodge.

Sometimes Bright Eyes was a bear, with his home in a hollow tree, and many a search was made to find the truant. He robbed birds' nests and turtles' nests, and cooked the eggs in bunches of burning leaves. One of his games in the village was the "crooked path." A dozen little mischief-makers, all naked, but a string tied around their fat, bulging bodies, stood in a row. Each grasped with his right hand the belt-cord of the one in front of him. Then off they moved in a slow trot, singing as they went. They trudged in and out among the trees, through the puddles and around the wigwams. If some old woman was pounding her corn, the stumbling line hurried past her in a circle. Each left hand seized some corn until the squaw was out of patience. But when she ran to catch them they were off to the woods like squirrels, which hang chattering and barking from the branches overhead.

Those were glad days for Bright Eyes. They were school-days, too, with all Nature for an open book. The trees, with mosses creeping over their gnarled branches, the storms spreading thick mantles over the dancing stars, the winds blowing from

the four quarters of the earth—he knew them well. Had his mother not told him how Kabeyun, the West Wind, was the ruler of all the winds? They obeyed him when he whistled O-ho-oo-ho-o!

Wabun, the East Wind, brought the rosy dawn, and called to the deer and to the hunter as the light rose from over the morning waters. The North Wind dwelt in his lodge of snowdrifts up among the icebergs. He froze the ponds and rivers, and sent the snowflakes flying through the forest.

The South Wind had his home in never-ending summer. He sent the robins and the bluebirds northward, and gave the melons, the tobacco and the purple grapes that hung along the rivers.

Bright Eyes knew much of Glooskap, the magician. Once this Glooskap was very angry when a storm on the sea had spoiled his fishing. He sped in rage to the high rock where the storm bird sat, and, creeping up behind him, tied his wings so that not a breath of air was stirring for a month. The sea became like glass, and everything was lovely. But after a time a green slime spread over its surface, and the fishes were all dying. Then swift to the high rock sped Glooskap. He untied one wing. That made all things just right. There was wind enough, but no tornadoes, as in the

olden time, when the storm bird flapped both its wings.

This Glooskap was a wonderful fellow. His canoe stretched so large that it carried a whole army, or shrunk so small that a dwarf could not sit in it at ease. He smoked a magic pipe which brought all the animals of the forest to his beck and call. Indeed, Glooskap's collection of pipes was one of his strong points. He always had one ready to bestow as a reward for some service.

One fine day a whale brought him dry-shod from far out in the sea. He gave her a short pipe filled with tobacco, and she sailed away again, smoking as she went.

Once, when Bright Eyes' little sister sat cooing on the floor, the squaw mother told how Glooskap could not conquer a baby.

He said he had conquered everything. "Ah, master, there is one whom no one has ever conquered, and never will," said the squaw. "Impossible!" he said, "How dare you? There is no one." "It is the baby," said the squaw. "There it sits, and woe be to the man who interferes with it." Now this master of men and beasts had never had a baby, and when he saw the tiny red thing sitting there on the floor of the wigwam, sucking sugar and paying no heed to a word he had been

saying, he called with a smile and bade it come to him. Baby smiled, and sucked away at the sugar. Glooskap made his voice sweet like the coo of the dove, and again bade it come; but baby did not budge an inch. Then the brow of the great master darkened; he commanded in a voice of thunder that it should come immediately.

And straightway baby yelled when it heard the voice. Then Glooskap used his magic arts. He sang the songs which had brought the dead to life again, and baby glowed with admiration at his motions, and seemed to think it all very fine indeed; but still never budged from its seat.

Then Glooskap gave up, in rage and despair; and baby sat on the floor of the wigwam saying, "goo! goo!" and, it is said, the reason a baby now says *goo, goo* is because it remembers the time when the master of men, ghosts, witches and beasts was overcome by a baby like itself.

Bright Eyes knew of the giants who dwelt in wigwams, high as mountains. They came from the chase with a dozen antelopes hanging from their belts like squirrels, and swinging two or three moose like rabbits in their hands.

When they returned from their battles in the forest their legs were stuck full of pine-trees, with here and there an oak or a hemlock. This did not

distress them nearly so much as thistles and splinters distress a common, everyday Indian.

But with all the stories his mother told him, she gave Bright Eyes much good advice. "Be brave, my son," she said, "and face whatever dangers you may meet. Your father is a great sachem, but you must not think of that. Because he is a chief does not mean that you will be one, too. It is the man who sweats, who is tired from going on the hunt and on the warpath, who becomes a chief among his people.

"I would not cry if I were to hear that you had been killed in battle, surrounded by your foes; but I should be sorry to see you die in your lodge like a feeble old woman. Be faithful to your friends. Never desert them on the field of battle. Do not run away if they are taken by the enemy. Be killed together. So live, little Bright Eyes, that you may join the warriors of your people who have gone before you to the happy Hunting Grounds in the land of the Hereafter."

CHAPTER III.

THE SACHEM.

THE father of Bright Eyes was a sachem, and warriors from all along Cape Cod Bay, Buzzard's Bay and the east side of Narragansett Bay paid him tribute. Their offerings were the first fruit of the field and the first game of the forest, which they laid at the door of his wigwam. The sachem himself was a great hunter.

He was often gone weeks at a time on the chase, and, when he returned, brought back a deer with spreading antlers, or a shaggy bear, or strings of shining fish. On these occasions Bright Eyes did not run to meet his father and ply him with eager questions. That was not the custom of the country. He waited, without speaking a word, while the great chief sat on his mat, eating supper. The meat broiled over the coals, and the succotash of corn, beans and fish, thickened with the meal of acorns, was very good, and the hunter was very hungry. He had tasted only parched corn for many days, and so he ate a long time. But Bright Eyes had learned to be patient, and sat without a

word of interruption, till the meal was finished. Then the hunter took down his pipe and smoked in silence. Not a word did Bright Eyes utter, but he looked no end of questions as he sat leaning forward on his little mat, his bright eyes fixed on his father's face.

At last the chief was quite ready to talk. He had lain in ambush for the deer at the silver lake in the forest. He had shot a noble roebuck straight through the heart, as it stooped for the morning drink. He had followed the bear to its cave, and pierced it where the eyes were shining like two torches in the darkness, and it fell without a groan. He had floated down the river in the wake of a mighty sturgeon, and caught it with his fishing-line of cedar, while his light canoe spun round and round in a circle. How eagerly Bright Eyes listened! How he longed to be a hunter!

Now across the bay from the Wampanoags lived the Narragansett Indians. They were a brave and warlike people, who had always wanted the east side of the lovely bay where the father of Bright Eyes dwelt, and so the two tribes were often at tomahawk edges with each other.

Once, when war was about to break out with the Narragansetts, the father of Bright Eyes painted himself black all over, and went naked and alone

into the forest to pray. After many days he came back, pale and thin with fasting. He said he had dreamed that a war eagle perched on his hand. Now to dream of a war eagle was a sure sign of victory. And so, from his village on the Taunton, the sachem sent fleet messengers to all the tribute chiefs within the borders of his country. The runners started at early dawn, bearing sticks, dipped in blood, to every village.

Soon the chiefs, with their warriors, began to come through the forest. They kept on coming, gathering like the clouds from north and east and south. They filled the village and crowded along the banks of the beautiful river. At evening, when all had assembled, the sachem invited his guests to a great feast.

They sat down close together in a circle. It was a wonderful sight! The forest stretched out high and dark behind them. The setting sun lit up the bay until the waters seemed a sheet of silver, and its last rays fell on the host of warriors as they sat in a wide circle about a fire. Some wore mantles of feathers of brightest hues; some leggings of deerskin fringed at the side and a jacket of doeskin; some wore skins tied round the waist like blacksmiths' aprons. Some had their hair long and tied behind in a knot; some had the

head bare, except a long scalp lock; some were shaved, except a strip of hair, two or three inches wide, running from the forehead over to the nape of the neck, cut short and made stiff with paint and bear's grease so as to stand upright like the crest of a warrior's helmet. The faces of all were painted in every imaginable fashion. One had white eyebrows with vermilion lips and cheeks; another a blue forehead with blue lips and chin; others had straight streaks of black and white paints, and others were marked in red. All glistened with bear's grease and whale's oil. All wore ornaments of copper and bone and strings of wampum, and scalp locks hung at their girdles. All carried weapons which lay at their sides—bows and stout arrows tipped with flint, war clubs spiked with the points of deers' horns and gay with turkey feathers. There they sat in the sunset. Not a word did any speak as the little red Indian boys passed meats around in baskets. Bright Eyes thought there could not be in all the world such noble braves as these, and he wished he might have a seat among them instead of serving at the supper.

The great sachem ate nothing. He sat apart smoking his pipe in silence. When the feast was ended, the pipes were lighted and all the warriors

smoked in silence. Then the sachem rose to his feet. His face was painted in blue and crimson, on his head was a high crest of feathers. He wore a shirt of doeskin embroidered with beads of wampum, and leggings of deerskin fringed with moose hair. From his shoulders hung a brilliant feather mantle. At his wampum belt were all the scalp locks he had taken.

He stood still a moment and looked around the breathing circle. There was Lightfoot with his band of forty warriors from the Island of Nantucket. There beyond was Grey Wolf, his girdle black with scalp locks. There was Silver Fox, cunning to take his foes in ambush. There were Big Turtle and Long Arm, Fighting Tiger and Loon Heart, Red Arm and all his other tribute chiefs with their bands of painted warriors.

Then he told them of the insults heaped upon them by the hated Narragansetts, and plead for vengeance. He told his dream while fasting in the forest, and promised victory if his people would take up arms and follow him.

When the great sachem had finished speaking, there was loud applause. Others spoke, and soon in a tumult of voices all agreed to go on the war-path. Then they hurried for pine knots to feed the fire until the hissing flames turned night into day.

Then they set up a pole in the ground. They made it fast with dirt and stones and formed a great circle about it. They whirled around in a giddy dance, while the boys and squaws beat time on the drums. The sachem leaped within the circle. He struck the post with his tomahawk. The shouting ceased. The dancers stood still. He recounted, in a loud voice, his own brave deeds and those of his ancestors ; the number of prisoners he had taken in battle ; the scalps he had torn from the heads of his victims. He flourished his trophies in wampum and arms. He pointed with his bow and arrow. He lifted his tomahawk. He struggled and leaped like an actor on the stage to show how awful the struggle with his enemies had been.

When he had finished the wonderful story, loud shouts arose, and the whirling dance went on.

Then another leaped into the circle. He struck the post. Again there was silence while he related his own deeds of valor. Again the dance went on until another struck the post. This unlucky fellow tried to make himself out greater than he was, but he had hardly begun to vaunt his prowess, when a warrior approached him and threw dirt in his face. "I do this to cover your shame," he said, "for the first time such a boaster as you sees an enemy he

trembles." So the braggart retired with the gibes of all the others ringing in his ears. None dared, after that, to boast of what had never happened.

But there was enough that was true to arouse great enthusiasm, and so the dance went on until all the chiefs had struck the post. Then they pounded the post and kicked it as they intended to do to their enemies on the morrow. They acted out the coming battle.

There it was in pantomime, the muster, the march, the ambush, the slaughter, the scalping, the reception at home by the squaws and the old men, the torture and massacre of the prisoners.

It was a tremendous uproar! At last the gray dawn broke over the scene. All was silence now. The powwow priest, with the head of a deer on his shoulders, marched out alone to the footpath leading to the Narragansett country. He bore aloft the sacred bundle of dried skin, and stepped with catlike tread over the autumn leaves. He listened to all the sounds of the early morning. The birds were beginning their songs. But there was no cawing of a crow to be heard, and that was a good sign. The cawing of a crow meant that the enemy was near. He stooped to watch the ground. A slimy frog leaped from the marsh, a squirrel scampered through the thicket, but no rattlesnake

crawled across the pathway. That was a good sign. A rattlesnake meant danger. "The signs were right," said the powwow. The warriors stripped off their ornaments, and crept single file through the forest to seek their bitter foes.

They looked neither to the right nor to the left for any living thing. No danger now for the game! Every arrow seeks only the breast of the foe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNCIL FIRE.

After an absence of many days, the great sachem and his warriors returned from the warpath. They were red with paint and shining with bear's grease. Bloody scalps hung at their girdles, and captives marched at their sides with hands tied behind them. There had been a great battle, and as the conquerors came into the village they shouted and boasted of the victories they had won. They hastened to collect brushwood and make a great fire. Long hours they feasted and smoked and told tales of the warpath.

No one offered the poor captives a morsel of food. There they stood, tied to the trees with ropes of the willow, and heard how one by one their chiefs had fallen. And when the feast was over they were stripped of their clothing and forced to run the gauntlet. Squaws, old men and boys of the village formed in a long, double line. The squaws were armed with pot hooks and bones, the old men held in their shrunken hands the war clubs, and boys who had never shed the blood of

any creature larger than a squirrel lifted up their sticks—all pelted the prisoners as they fled down through the narrow passage. Some of these prisoners had been great warriors among the Narragansetts, and it was worse to them than death to be beaten by squaws and boys of their enemies. Whack! Whack! Whack! went the blows as they rushed on down the bristling gauntlet line. And all the while the hoarse shouts of the women mingled with the quavering warcry of the old men and the shrill screams of the children.

Bright Eyes could hardly have mustered courage to strike the bleeding warriors, had he not seen his mother dealing such awful blows. He was ashamed that his heart was softer than a squaw's. So he struck away mightily. But half the time he kept his eyes shut.

After the wretched victims had run the gauntlet, they were put to worse treatment. They would not let the enemy see that any torture could give them pain. Not a sigh or groan escaped them, and they sang their death songs with steady voices while they were burned to death, or pinched and beaten and shot about the legs and arms with arrows.

Bright Eyes was urged by his father to shoot at the prisoners. The first time he bent his bow his

heart stood quite in his throat. He did not want to hurt the dying men. But he was proud when he saw how straight his little arrow stood in the flesh with the big one of his father. He drew another arrow from the quiver; then another and another. He sent them thick, with eyes wide open and breath coming fast. He was thinking only of his skill at shooting.

That was the way Bright Eyes learned to look at suffering.

Every autumn a great council was held. The warriors sat about a fire smoking long pipes and looking very grave, and their little sons sat at their sides, that they might learn the history of their people. Broad bands of wampum belts were passed around the circle, and read aloud by the chiefs. There were pictures on the belts, worked in colored beads, which told of all the totems in the Land of the Bays. Now, these totems were the Indians' coats of arms, with various devices, just as the nations of Europe have. England has the lion and the unicorn, Russia the bear, Austria the eagle, and it was much the same among the American Indians. One tribe chose as a badge, the wise beaver; another, the swift hare; another, the cunning fox; another, the unconquerable bear. And these wampum belts told of all the devices by which each tribe was known.

Then these wampums told of great victories, and of mighty warriors who had died on the battle-field. But—alas for the pride of the chieftains! —the belts told, too, of defeats and loss of hunting-grounds. That was always hard to read before the eager boys who listened.

The more Bright Eyes heard of the history of his people, the more he longed to do some daring thing which might be written down in the wampum belts.

He said that when he had won the feathers of the war eagle for his hair, he would go himself on the warpath to the hated Narragansetts. Or, better yet, he would call the clans together, and they would steal through the woods to the ocean, pitch their tents in the forests along the bays, and all the long summer build them a line of boats to carry them up to conquer the hostile Tarratines, who dwelt on the Kennebec.

But sometimes, when the campfire flickered, and the warriors lay in heavy slumbers, Bright Eyes had even bolder plans than these. He whispered to himself that he would make peace with the other tribes of the Algonquins, with the Narragansetts, the Tarratines, the Pequods, the Mohegans, with all that spoke the Algonquin language and dwelt in the Land of Bays, and they would unite against

their common foes. Why should these kindred warriors fight and quarrel with one another? Many arrows bound together never could be broken. Many warriors, when united, might make war upon the hated Mohawks, the "Man eaters," who dwelt on the lakes in the north. There was a shameful story written in the wampums how the whole Algonquin people once had fled before the Mohawks like sheep before the wolves in winter.

All this planning for great conquests kept little Bright Eyes very busy.

CHAPTER V.

FISHING AND TRAPPING.

UNTIL Bright Eyes was twelve years old, he wore only a patch of clothes. Then he was dressed much like his father.

He had a coat of tanned doeskin with two large pockets, one before and one behind, and long leather stockings fringed along the side. Braided moccasins of moose-hide were on his feet, turkey feathers were in his hair, and a quiver filled with arrows hung upon his shoulder. When he saw himself dressed in all these garments, he was very proud, and walked about with the strut of the warriors. He looked with disdain at his little sister, Mioonie, who had once been his chosen comrade. Their paths were now divided; his led to war and glory, hers to the spring for water and to the brush for firewood.

But not even Mioonie wished her handsome little brother to play with her after the feathers had been put in his hair, for now he must learn to do as men do. If he stayed about the wigwam he would become a squaw man, and there was nothing

in the world that all the Indian girls hated like a squaw man, who carried wood and water and hoed the corn and braided the mats. She wanted Bright Eyes to hunt, and to fish, and to learn to shoot so well, that when he was on the warpath, he might kill more foes than any other Indian.

One day in the month of August, Bright Eyes went with his sachem father to make a canoe in the forest.

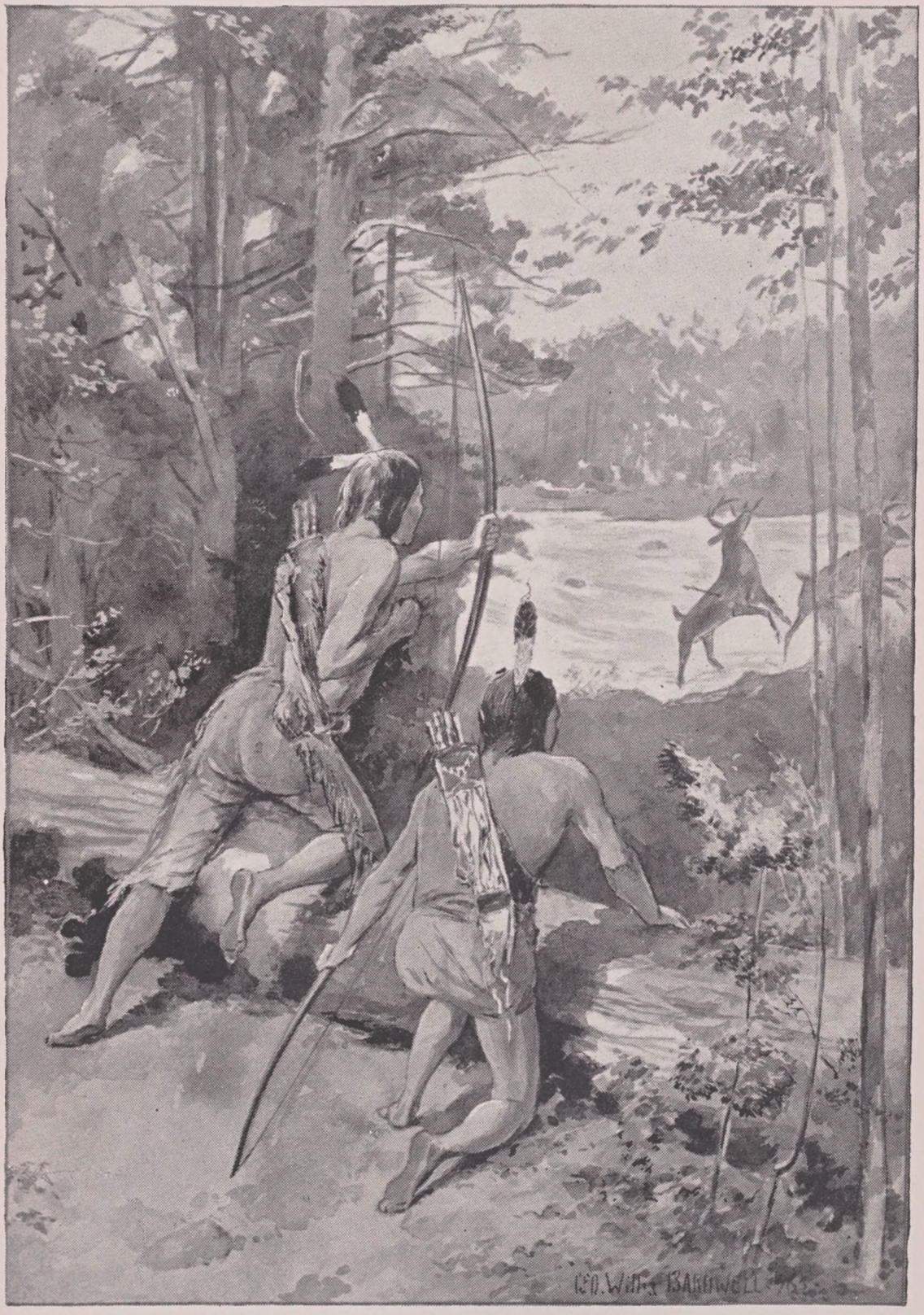
They carried stone hatchets, some flint and a bag of parched corn. They set out at a brisk pace in the early morning, and followed the beaten path for a time. Then they turned to the right where the underbrush was denser. There was plenty of game in these woods. Squirrels and jack-rabbits, partridges and bushy-tailed foxes darted in and out the thickets, and Bright Eyes wanted to shoot at everything he saw. But his father did not look to right or left, and hurried on so fast that there was no time to take aim at anything. Suddenly the chief paused. He held his finger on his lips, and, stooping down, he removed his leggings and the moccasins from his feet. Bright Eyes did the same. The bushes might catch on them and crackle. The two went slower now, and very softly. Through an open space in the forest they saw at last a winding river. The sunshine played

upon its waters, and they could hear the drowsy hum of insects skimming over its glassy surface On they crept, now hardly breathing. Then they saw two red deer standing knee-deep in the water. There they stood, with branching antlers, their eyes half shut, their ears twitching back and forth to frighten off the biting, buzzing insects. Quick as a flash the sachem bent his bow. One breathless moment, whiz-z-z went the fatal arrow, singing through the hot noon air!

The startled deer sprang from the river, splashing the water into spray. One sped like the wind to the thicket; the other fell back dead upon the mossy bank. Bright Eyes sprang, shouting, from the ambush, and the birds screamed an answer from the branches overhead. Soon the hunters stripped the skin from the great red roebuck. They struck a fire from the flint and roasted the juicy meat from the haunches.

They had a royal dinner. Then they pushed farther into the forest, until they came to where the trees stood high and straight, with stems like giants.

Here they set up camp in a tent made from the bark of a chestnut-tree. Then the chief set to work to make a canoe. First he fashioned from a pine-tree a long frame, bent to a point at each end.



THE STARTLED DEER SPRANG FROM THE RIVER.

Then he stripped the thin bark from a large, white birch-tree. That was easy to do in the month of August when the sap flowed down toward the roots. Then he dug in the ground for the roots of the spruce-tree, and made threads as stout as whip-cords, and sewed the bark together at the ends, and made it fast to the framework. Then he smeared the balsam from the pine-trees over all the seams and crevices. Then the two went together in search of a hedgehog. They found one in a hollow tree, rolled up tight, like a ball, and its spines stuck out like needles. It was fast asleep, but the flint arrows pierced its sides, and it never woke up again. The chief plucked its quills, and made them red and blue and yellow from the juices of roots and berries, and sewed them in circles and stars on the bows of the beautiful canoe. And so the canoe was finished. It was long and slender, and so light that Bright Eyes could carry it on his shoulder to the river. And when it was launched it flew like a thing of life, dipping its prow, curving its sides, and floating off like a swan on the water.

When night came on, and the stars peeped down from the sky, the two fishermen pushed silently out in the river. Bright Eyes plied the paddles at one end of the skiff, while his father sat at the

other end holding in his right hand a long spear, and in his left a torch of dried birch-bark.

The blaze from the torch threw a flood of light on the water, so that every pebble in the bed below could be seen, and among the flags along the shore they saw the pike. There they lay, the cunning creatures! Their duck-shaped heads close together, and their mottled-green sides shining in the torch-light.

High was the long spear lifted. Straight at the flat heads it flew, and bore aloft a speckled beauty. Another and another struggled on the spear-point.

Then the swarm of pike regained their senses and scampered away down the river. But off sped the skiff into the darkness, swifter than the fish might carry the news. And soon another lot of silly flatheads lay dazzled in the torch-light.

And when the late moon rose above the tree-tops, the skiff was full of pike, and the two fishermen rowed back shouting, to the lodge.

At dawn on the morrow, Bright Eyes sprang from his bed of leaves, to help string the glittering treasures on a line of twisted cedar bark. And with canoe and fish on their shoulders, Bright Eyes and the sachem reached at last the village on the Taunton. Hi, how good tasted the steaming succotash of corn and beans and pike!

After this journey to the forest, Bright Eyes and his father were much together. They set traps for the beaver, and for the weasels, those with the white fur which was prized for ornaments; and for the brown martens, and for the raccoons, whose skins made pouches and bags. They enticed animals within reach, by imitating their cries. They howled like wolves, bleated like the fawns, honked, honked like the wild geese, and gobbled, gobbled like the turkeys, which came in droves to the oak forests for acorns.

They caught the turkeys in traps, that they might not spoil the fine feathers. First they made a pen of wood, with an opening below just large enough for a turkey to pass, and scattered corn inside and outside. Then, hidden in the trees, they gobbled, turkey fashion. Soon the great bronze-colored birds came in sight. They flew in short stages. They rested on the limbs of trees, stretching out their long necks and peering cautiously about with their bright, beadlike eyes. They alighted and strutted proudly here and there. Then they stood very still, listening for more gobbles from their wandering mates. At last they spied the scattered corn, and having eagerly devoured all on the outside of the pen, they squeezed through the hole for the corn on the inside. When they had

eaten this they spread their wings to fly away. But they looked up to fly. They never thought of the place where they had entered. So these proud birds paid a heavy penalty for their lack of common sense. Their bodies went into the pot, and their beautiful feathers waved in the head-dress of many an Indian brave.

Bright Eyes learned to build a gull-house with sticks fixed in the sands of the beach. He covered it with loose poles and a thatch of seaweed. Then he laid large pieces of whale flesh on the thatch, and while the gulls were fighting over the meat and eating it, he stood beneath the roof, reached up his hands and drew down the birds one by one between the poles, until he had caught as many of them as he wanted.

Bright Eyes was very busy in the autumn, when the leaves were turning crimson.

CHAPTER VI.

MASSASOIT.

THROUGH the long, dark winter season, there was little the warriors could do in the Land of the Bays, for it was always very cold. The villages by the rivers were moved to thick-wooded bottoms for shelter from the fierce blasts of the north. The families huddled about the fires in the wigwams, while the rivers froze thick and the snow wrapped all the tree-tops in white mantles, and covered up the pathways through the forest.

Sometimes, to be sure, a few stupid fish were caught through a hole in the ice, or a foolish duck was found imbedded in the frozen water.

But this good luck did not happen very often, and dried squash and corn, smoked venison and bear's meat, were thought to be good enough for winter food.

It was in high glee, that one morning very early in the spring, while the snow still lay deep on the ground, Bright Eyes joined his father in a moose hunt.

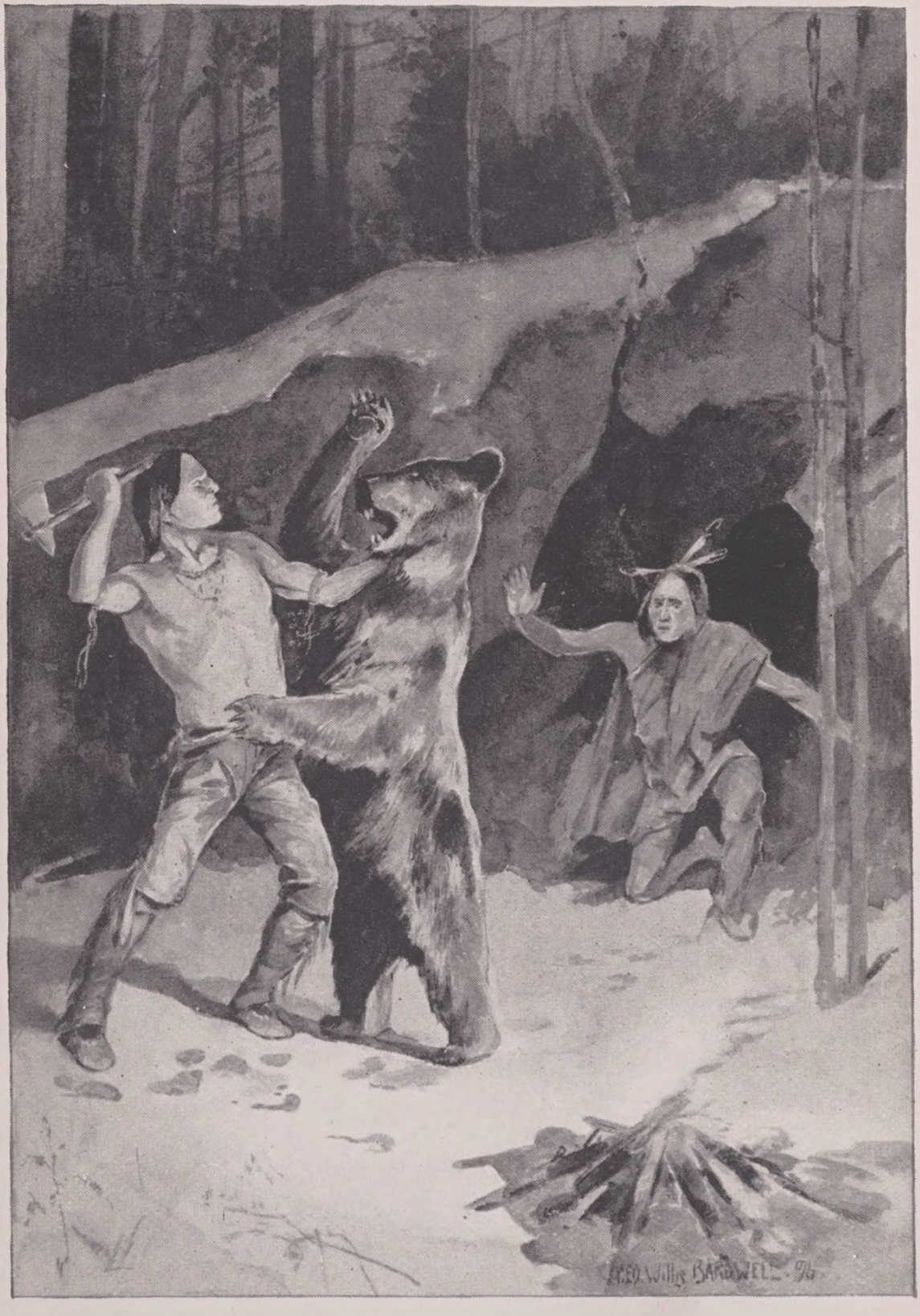
Armed with bows and arrows, they sped on

their snow-shoes over the crisp crust toward the foothills. Icicles on the branches overhead cracked and trembled as they passed. Rabbits leaped in frantic haste across their pathway. The north wind whipped their faces into crimson. Swiftly they sped with eyes fixed on the snow. There were the tracks of a fox, that had been partridge hunting. There was the trail of a grey squirrel, as it scampered from tree to tree. There were the prints where the hare's broad pads had fallen. The hunters wandered far, and when at last they found the deep tracks of a moose, they hurried faster than ever over the deep-drifted hollows and up the frozen water courses, but night came on and no moose was yet in sight.

Then they sought shelter in a cave behind a snow-drift. The cave was deep and dark, and their voices sounded strangely through the silence. The chief peered cautiously around. He sniffed the air. "Woof!" he said, "Bears have been here." But they saw nothing in the darkness ; they heard nothing but their own quick breathing.

Then they scraped dry leaves together and built a fire near the mouth of the cavern. Both were very tired, and, after a supper of parched corn, lay down and were soon fast asleep.

The fire flickered and smoldered in the ashes.



"MASSASOIT!" HE CRIED AT LAST.

The wind whistled about the snow-drifts at the entrance of the cavern. On the hunters slept. They were dreaming, perhaps, of the moose they would find on the morrow.

But what is that slow, dull sound as of something dragging over the ground? What are those two balls of fire coming always nearer? What is that dark shadow creeping out of the yet darker shadows behind it? Still the hunters sleep on.

Suddenly, no one ever knew just how it did happen, Bright Eyes was wide awake, and saw in an instant that danger was near.

He seized the stone hatchet at his side, and sprang toward the shadow. High in the air a monster bear raised its shaggy body, and the boy felt hot breath on his cheek as he sprang straight into its outstretched arms. But before the sharp claws could bury themselves in his shoulder, he dealt mighty blows on the head and on the neck, and then pounded away in wild random, until the great bear fell with a howl at his feet. The uproar roused the chief from his slumber. He gazed at the mighty beast shaking in death spasms at the feet of his son. He rubbed his eyes and could hardly believe what he saw. "Massasoit," he cried at last, "the great one, the brave one! This shall be your name, my Bright Eyes. Always

henceforth you are Massasoit, for who has done a greater deed than this?" Bright Eyes was very glad that he had won a name. Every Indian brave must win his own name, and it had grieved him much of late to be called Bright Eyes, like a baby. Now they piled high the fire with brushwood, and stripped off the heavy bearskin, and hung it up in the cave to dry. Then they roasted some meat for their breakfasts. Never, surely, was there sweeter, juicier meat, than this haunch from the bear that Massasoit killed.

It was very early morning when these two hunters followed again the moose tracks. A hare, white and silent, ran across their pathway. That was a good sign, and over the crackling snow they skated on their snow-shoes.

At last a magnificent moose came in sight, tossing its branching horns and throwing its long feet out in a trot, at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

And then the fun began. It may be that the chief did not run at his utmost speed, and that he wanted his boy to catch the first moose. At any rate, Massasoit kept well to the front on his snow-shoes. The hemlocks themselves, seemed running before his dizzy eyes. On and on sped the two. Then, at last, the moose broke through the crust of snow. It floundered madly in its struggles to

rise again. It kicked straight out with its hind feet, and whirled around to beat with its fore feet.

The air was white with the blinding snow. A moment more, and Massasoit was near the magnificent creature, with his father close behind. Thick and fast fell their arrows, until the noble animal reeled forward and fell to the earth with a last panting breath.

There was no danger now, and quickly, while the flesh was warm, they stripped off the beautiful skin. Then they cut the sweet meat from the haunches, and bore it back to the cavern, and with the skins of the moose and the bear they returned to the lodge on the Taunton.

You may be sure there was rejoicing in the village when it became known that Bright Eyes had won his name.

All the warriors were invited to a great feast, and they came in paints and feathers. The sachem clothed Bright Eyes in a new doeskin, and put beads about his neck and a hatchet in his hand, made of sharpened stone, and set in a staff of oak wood. And before all the assembled people he called him "Massasoit, the Great One, the Brave One."

That was a proud and happy day for Bright Eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FALL HUNT.

THERE was idling among the warriors in the summer, while the maize was growing.

They floated lazily down the river, or lounged about in the shade of the forest, mending nets and sharpening hatchets, smoking and gossiping the whole day through.

But in autumn they were very busy, for this was the hunting season, when game was killed and meat was dried for winter.

It was in autumn that Massasoit went with many hunters to drive the woods. They spread through the forest in one wide circle, leaving an open space, and then they drew closer and closer together, shouting "Heigh-eigh! Who-oo-i-oo-who!"

The frightened game heard the noises and tried to escape. The antlered deer ran through the leafy glades, the shaggy bear lumbered out of his cave, the squirrels scampered through the branches, rabbits leaped through the thickets, grouse, partridges, turkeys hurried helter-skelter, toward the

open space where safety seemed to lie. But, alas! Here, crouched in ambush, were a score of hunters. Arrows flew from all around the circle, and soon the ground was strewn with wild game. Then the skins of the animals were stretched on the ground, with the flesh side uppermost, and the edges pinned down with wooden pegs, that they might not shrink; the meat was hung on drying scaffolds; the teeth were strung for beads; the claws were made into ornaments; the feathers of the birds were plucked; the skins of the snakes were dried; the sinews of the deer were drawn for cords, and the antlers polished to deck some warriors in the war dance. So driving the woods brought a great deal of work.

Then there was the fowling. At early nightfall the Indians stalked about the beach, with torch in one hand and stick in the other. The seabirds in the marshes, bewildered by the sudden glare of the torches, flew within reach, and were knocked down by the dozen.

Then there were fishing excursions. Many hunters, in light canoes, sped down the river on a chase for sturgeons. They caught the monster fishes with lines of twisted willow bark, and with the thigh bones of a rabbit; or they held them fast in stout nets of hemp.

In the lovely Indian summer, when the north

wind painted all the foliage crimson and the south wind filled the air with haze and vapor, the villages were moved to some bay or to the falls of some winding river. Here the tents were pitched, and grey columns of smoke ascended from hundreds of campfires. The women were soon hard at work cooking, spreading out fresh skins, and putting up drying scaffolds for the meat. The children ran about, making the woods resound with their merry, piping voices. The warriors, when they were not hunting, lounged about, smoking, or sat in groups sorting out flints they had picked up for arrow heads, and chipped slowly with stone upon stone as they chatted, joked and bantered.

It was all very much like a country fair. There were games of football and wrestling, racing, throwing stones and shooting targets.

Indian fakirs swallowed spears and arrows and flames of fire ; they killed a boy and brought him back to life again, and changed a rabbit to a wild duck. At least that is what these fakirs claimed to do, and many said they really did all these wonderful things right before the eyes of all the people.

There was a great deal of gambling and betting on games of chance at these Indian fairs.

Cards were made of bits of rushes and dice were made of painted pebbles.

Sometimes, in his wager, an unmarried man lost all his wampum, his bow and arrow, the furs which clothed him, his canoe, and even the very scalp locks he had won in hard-fought battles. Then, when he had nothing else to wager, he staked his own body, and if he lost, became a slave. But an Indian in bondage pined away and always wished to die, and his service was not thought to be of much account.

There were many mystic dances at these autumn picnics. Drums of dried bark, flutes of willow, and tortoise-shell rattles called out the dancers for the amusement of all the village.

First they moved in very solemn measures, and stepped in and out among the pines softly like the panthers. Then they turned around in circles, whirling and spinning, until they leaped quite over the heads of those sitting on the ground. Round the wigwams they flew in wider circles, faster and faster, until the dust and dried leaves rose in a whirlwind. Then they ran to the river's brink, stamped upon the sand, and tossed it until the very air began to whirl about in dancing, and the sand was blown like snow-drifts all along the river. Then they sat down laughing, and everybody laughed and chattered.

The Indians were all great story lovers, and

they gathered with eager faces about the blazing pine-knots to listen to those who had the gift of telling stories. There in the firelight sat Prairie Flower, Morning Glory, May Blossom, Curling Smoke and all the other Indian beauties waiting to hear the stories; and the loudest praise was given to the one who talked the best. He always won the softest glances from the maidens, and so there was great rivalry among the warriors to excel in story telling.

In the fall hunt, when Massasoit was thirteen years old, he heard many good stories.

First an old man, a famous boaster, told the story of Osseo.

"Many, many years ago," he said, standing up and looking round the circle, "many, many years ago, there lived a hunter in the north land who had ten lovely daughters. They were tall and straight as the willows. But Oweenee, the youngest, was the fairest of them all. Her eyes were soft and dreamy like the fawn's. Her hair was black and glossy as the raven's wing. Her breath was as sweet as the fragrance of the wild flowers. Her laugh was like the singing waters. So light was her step that the flowers in her pathway only bent their heads as she trod upon them; and so skilful was she with her needle and her wampum, that her

father's wigwam was more beautiful than any sachem's in the north land.

"All her sisters married brave and haughty warriors; and young and handsome suitors laid their roebucks at Oweenee's doorway. But she would not even look at any of them.

"Now there was in the village, the son of a great king, although no one knew he was a prince, for a wicked magician had transformed him into an old man. Everybody thought he was a common beggar. When the village started to move, this beggar prince, whose name was Osseo, always stayed behind to pick up anything that had been thrown away as useless, and he sometimes found pieces of robes, worn-out moccasins, and bones on which was a bite of meat.

"His face was all wrinkles, his teeth were gone, his legs and arms were shrunken and looked like pipe stems. He was weak with constant coughing. He looked so broken down and wheezy that the boys jeered at him as he begged from door to door.

"But each time the lovely Oweenee gave this stranger bear's meat, she saw his eyes were soft and full of sorrow. And she fell to wondering who this beggar might be. She asked him many questions, and could not forget the magic of his

glances, and at length she began to listen for his tottering footsteps.

"Once, when the moon filled all the night with splendor, they sat beside the spring which bubbled from the hillside, and Oweenee told Osseo that she loved him, and so they were married.

"Then all her former suitors mocked her for marrying a bag of bones, and said they wished her joy with her beggar. But Oweenee told them proudly she was happy with Osseo.

"And every day she walked slowly through the village, leading her aged husband, smoothing out the pathway for his tottering feet.

"Once all ten sisters and their husbands were invited to a feast a long way off through the forest.

"The nine sisters walked ahead and chattered gayly with their handsome warriors, and filled the woods with laughter. Behind them came Oweenee, leading Osseo gently by the hand.

"Sometimes he stopped to look up at the bright stars overhead, and he prayed very softly.

"When the sisters looked back and saw him standing, they called out to each other, 'What a pity that he does not fall and break his neck!' And they fell to laughing louder than ever.

"At length they came to a hollow oak-tree,

which had fallen across the path, and lay half buried in dead leaves and mosses.

"As soon as Osseo saw this great log, he uttered a cry and sprang into the opening.

"Now, when he went in at one end of the log, he was ugly, ragged, old and wrinkled; but when he came out of the other end he was tall and young and handsome. He had on a soft white shirt of doeskin, fringed in ermine, and worked in bands of wampum. His leggings were of deerskin, gay with the quills of the hedgehog. His moccasins were of buckskin, embroidered thick with quills and beads, and on his head were waving plumes of snow-white feathers. There he was, the real prince, just as he had been before the wicked magician changed him, and he sprang with a glad cry toward his lovely bride. But, alas! at the very moment that the spell for Osseo was broken, the lovely Oweenee was transformed into a weak old woman. She was very ugly, bent and wrinkled.

"The sisters laughed louder than ever at this, for they had always envied her beauty. They gazed in wonder at her fine young husband, and tried with all their arts to entice him from Oweenee's side. But Osseo walked with the slow steps of his old wife. He held her yellow, withered

hand in his. He called her sweetheart, and did all that he could to make her think he did not see how very ugly she was.

"When they reached the feast, all sat in the wigwam and made merry except Osseo. He could neither eat nor drink. He could not speak nor listen to anything that was said. Everybody paid the fine young fellow great attention. They passed him the choicest meats, but he sat there looking sadly at Oweenee.

"Then a low voice whispered to him, 'Osseo, the evil charm is broken.' And then the lodge began to tremble. The wooden dishes changed to scarlet shells. The earthen pots changed to silver bowls. The roof poles and the bark walls of the wigwam changed to silver and to jasper.

"At the same time the wicked sisters and their husbands were changed to birds. Some were jays and some were magpies. Some were thrushes and some were blackbirds. They hopped, and twittered, and spread out their plumage as if they had been birds all their lives.

"But poor Oweenee was not changed at all. It seemed to her it would be better to be a bird than such a feeble old woman.

"There she sat, wrinkled, sad and ugly. When Osseo saw her thus he prayed in anguish that she

might be restored to youth and beauty. Woof! Woof! Her ragged garments were changed to robes of ermine. Her staff became a shining silver feather. Her eyes shone like stars. Her hair swept in masses to her feet. She was more beautiful than before.

"And Osseo and Oweenee lived happily ever after. But the wicked sisters and their husbands always hopped about in gilded cages as a punishment for laughing at the misfortunes of other people.

"It is not well," said the story-teller, looking solemnly around at some giddy young folks, "it is not well to jeer at people because they are old and ugly."

Some saw a pointed moral to this tale. All said it was a beautiful story, and there was much applause as the old man took his seat in the circle.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

AFTER the old man, who had related the story of Osseo, had resumed his seat, a young warrior arose, and glancing at the painted maidens, began to tell of the Marshpee maiden.

"Once," he said, "there lived among the Marshpees, a maiden named Arva. She was very silly and very idle. She sat whole days doing nothing. While the other women of the village were busy weeding out the corn, bringing home the fuel, drying the fish, thatching the cabins, or mending the nets, there sat this maiden, doing nothing.

"Then, too, even if she had been thrifty, she was so ugly that no warrior wanted to marry her. She squinted, her face was long and thin, her nose was humped, her teeth were crooked, her chin was as sharp as the bill of a loon, her ears were as large as those of a deer, her long arms were nothing but fleshless bones, her legs were like two pine poles stripped of their bark. She was, indeed, so ugly that everybody nearly died with laughing when they saw her.

"Now, strange to say, this Marshpee maiden had the most beautiful voice in the world. Nothing could equal the sweetness of her singing. There was a low hill at a distance from the village, and here she often sat alone and sang during the long summer evenings. As soon as she began to sing, the branches above her head would be filled with birds, the thickets around her crowded with beasts, and the river, which was not far from the foot of the hill, would be alive with fishes.

"Little minnows and monster porpoises, sparrows and eagles, snails and lobsters, mice and moles, and all the beasts of the forest, came to listen to the songs of the ugly Marshpee maiden.

"Whenever she had finished one song, she was obliged straightway to begin another, for there were growls and barks, hisses and squeals and squeaks from the water and the hillside, where each animal applauded in the very best way he knew how.

"Now, among the fishes that came every night to listen, was a great trout. He was chief of the trout that hid so cunningly among the roots beneath the water, that no snare could ever catch them.

"This chief of the trout was as long as a man and quite as thick. He was so large that he could

not approach as near the shore as he wished, and he was so eager to hear the music that he ran his nose more and more into the soft bank of the river.

"Every night he dug farther and farther, till at length he had plowed out a passage very wide and longer than an arrow's flight, which became a brook, called to this very day Coatuit Brook.

"One night he spoke to the songstress. He could not see how ugly she was, for it was always dark when she sang. So he told her how beautiful she was, and said so many flattering things, that in the end the poor girl's head was quite turned. She thought the gurgling speech of her fish was the sweetest she had ever heard, and she listened to him for hours, and fed him the roots he liked.

"But for all this, the maiden and her lover became very unhappy, for he could not live on the land three minutes at a time, and she could not live in the water. They shed many briny tears. 'If he only might come to my wigwam!' sighed the maiden. 'If she might only swim down to my grotto in the bottom of the sea!' groaned the trout king.

"One night, while thus lamenting, they heard a strange noise. A glowworm lighted up the hillside, and they saw a little man before them. Around his neck was a string of bright shells.

His hair was as green as ooze, and woven with the long weeds which grow among the corals of the ocean. His body was covered with scales, and his hands were shaped like the fins of a fish. He was the king of all the fishes, and seemed in a very bad humor indeed.

"He asked, frowning, why they made such lamentation that he could not sleep in his palace of pearls in the depth of the sea.

"At this the maiden was very bashful and hid her ugly face in her doeskin. But the chief of the trout spoke up boldly. 'This charming Marshpee maiden and I love each other to distraction,' he said, 'but, alas! neither of us can live where the other does.' 'Grieve not,' said the little green man, 'I will transform the maiden to a fish.' So he led her to the river, and sprinkled water over her head and uttered some very mysterious words.

"Then cries of pain rose on the night air. The body of the maiden became covered with scales. Her large ears, and crooked nose, and sharp chin, and long, bony arms, were gone; her legs had grown together. She had become a trout, and soon the pair glided lovingly off to sea.

"But the Marshpee maiden never forgot her old home, and one night in every year two immense trout play in the waters of Coatuit Brook."

When this story was ended there was great applause, and all fell to talking at once. Some said that they knew this story to be a fact, for they themselves had seen the very spot where it all happened.

Others said they did not believe a word of it. To be sure, there was a brook called the Coatuit, but it had been dug out by the giant, Kwasind, as he pulled his skiff down to the river.

The dispute about the Marshpee maiden was loud and long, and has never been quite settled, even down to the present day.

CHAPTER IX.

TRADITION OF THE WHITE MEN.

As there seemed no possible way to settle the dispute about the origin of Coatuit Brook, another warrior arose to tell a story, and then everybody sat quite still and listened.

"Off to the south," said the speaker, who was young and handsome, and had a very winning smile as he looked about him, "and across from Buzzard's Bay, is the island of Nope. It is a queer old island, full of caves and hillocks. There are high cliffs at the west end, formed of blue and yellow, red and white clays, which glitter and shimmer in the sunshine. A long time ago, there dwelt near the west end of this island a good-natured giant who was very fond of a joke. Some people say that this giant Moshup lived near the brook that was plowed by the great trout, but it was on the island of Nope that he lived.

"Moshup was so big that when he caught whales by wading into the sea, he tossed them out as boys do black bugs from a puddle.

"He was taller than the tallest tree, and larger

around than the spread of the hemlocks. Faults he had, but they were really very little ones. He was cross to his wife, but he drank nothing stronger than water, and never ate more than a small whale at one meal. He smoked too much tobacco. That was his greatest fault.

"He exacted one-tenth tribute of all the whales and finbacks which might be taken on the island, and all of the porpoises caught in the frog month. Scarcity he bore with composure, but if he were cheated; if the poorest fish were sent him; or a halibut hidden; or a finback were sunk with a buoy attached to it; or a fin of a whale was buried in the sand, he straightway fell into a great rage, and the Indians paid dearly for their roguery.

"To tell the truth, it was not to their interest to cheat Moshup. He often directed them to a fine school of blackfish. He foretold storms, and thus saved many fishermen from a watery grave. He had the reputation of being very kind-hearted, for he assisted young people in their courtships. And if a father said, 'it shall not be,' there was Moshup to say 'it shall be,' and the father always changed his mind.

"When the women of the island were given to scolding, Moshup had a knack of taming them, and, taking it all together, Moshup was a great favorite

with the Indians while he was young. But as he grew old he grew cross. It is said he would beat his wife for nothing, and his children for a great deal less.

"He exacted a half of a whale, instead of a tenth, or took the whole of it without asking the leave of anybody.

"Instead of helping marriages, as he had once done, he now prevented them. He set friendly families by the ear, and created frequent wars between the tribes on the island of Nope.

"Then he frightened the wild ducks with such terrific shouts that the archers could not get near them; he cut the traps set for the grouse. In short, Moshup became very troublesome, indeed.

"It was no use fretting. He was firmly seated on their necks, and there was no shaking him off. But in the end, his harsh ways unpeopled his neighborhood, and Moshup and his family had the west end of the island to themselves.

"Now, in the south part of Nope lived the sachem, Niwasse. He was very wealthy in ponds well stocked with perch, clams, oysters, and wild fowl, and in swamps full of terrapin, and he had a beautiful daughter. She was very tall. Her hair was long, and glossy as a raven's wing. Her step was light and graceful. She drew the bow like a warrior, and her father's wigwam was full of suit-

ors for her hand. But she laughed at all their presents of conch shells and eagle feathers, for she already loved a young warrior on the other end of the island. And as no one could persuade her father to consent to their marriage, there was nothing else to do but go boldly to old Moshup, and lay the whole matter before him. The lovers arrived at his lodge at a lucky hour. A school of whales had just foundered on the rocks, and he had just had a present of some excellent tobacco; so he determined to help the unhappy pair.

"He put a few hundred pounds of tobacco in his pouch, and set out on the journey with the young warrior on his shoulder, and the maiden in a litter formed by one of his arms. He reached the sachem's lodge in a twinkling. 'Why can not these charming young people wed?' he roared, as he stooped to look in at the doorway. The father stammered out something about the youth's poverty. He was not celebrated. He had won only three scalp locks. 'Is that all the trouble?' roared the giant, 'What must the young man have to win this maiden?'

"'A great deal of land—he must have a whole island,' answered Niwasse. 'Good. Follow me!' said Moshup, drawing great columns of smoke into his mouth, and blowing it out through his nose, 'Follow me.'

"So the sachem followed as fast as he could, and a large crowd hurried after him to see what the giant would do.

"Now Moshup never did anything by halves. He went to a high cliff and sat down. He filled his pipe with tobacco, kindling it with a flash of lightning. He bowed once to the rising sun, twice to the north star, blew three times in a conch shell, muttered some strange words, and fell to smoking at a great rate.

"Thunder rolled, lightning flashed, rains poured down. Voices were heard puffing and blowing as of men in great labor. The watching crowd heard a hissing sound, like live coals dropped into water —Moshup had emptied his pipe.

"And behold, when the mists cleared away, there was a beautiful island, the ashes from Moshup's pipe! The happy pair upon whom he bestowed this island named it Nantucket, which is the name it bears to this very day.

"As for Moshup himself, this kind office seemed to restore his good nature, and for many years it was the golden age on the island of Nope.

"But there is an end to all things. One day a queer canoe, large enough for Moshup himself, sailed around the island, borne on white wings and gliding along without a paddle in sight.

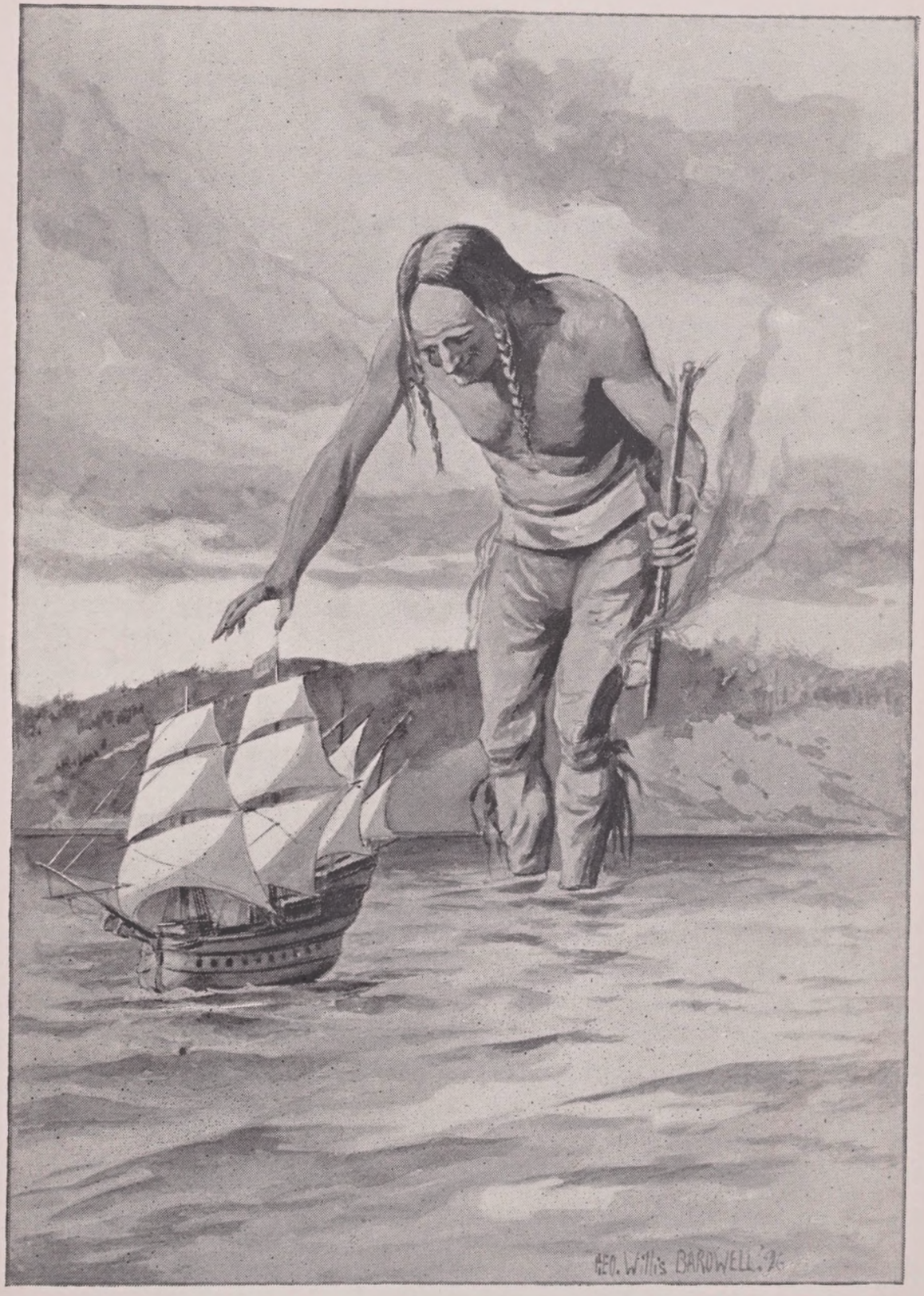
"There were men in the giant canoe whose faces were white like the snow, whose eyes were blue like the sky; and their hair grew all over their cheeks and chins and swept down to their waists. But they were as small as common Indians, and Moshup laughed as he waded out in the sea to upset them. Boom! Boom! Boom! came loud thunder, straight from the side of the vessel.

"Moshup turned and fled in frantic haste from the island. He leaped across the channel which divides it from the mainland, and was never again seen in the Land of the Bays."

Before the loud applause for this fine tale had died away, an old warrior arose, and, when there was silence, said he had heard of these men with white faces. They had once been seen by the Narragansetts who dwelt across the bay. He said he had the story from his warrior father, who had heard it from a Narragansett slave.

A great vessel with widespread wings had floated up the bay. It was much too big for the men who were in it, for they were really no larger than common Indians.

But these Palefaces were a mighty race of men. They held the thunder in their hands, and sent it roaring in thick clouds from the sides of their canoe. Their eyes were blue, and they were



MOSHUP LAUGHED AS HE WADED OUT IN THE SEA TO UPSET THEM.

clothed from head to foot in armor which shone like the sun.

They came on land and stayed among the Narragansetts for half a moon. They wanted furs, and traded the most beautiful strings of wampum for a common deerskin, and the sharpest, most cunning knives, for a pack of beaverskins. They were not shrewd traders, and were cheated right and left by the Indians, but they were a mighty people with their thunder, and everybody was afraid to go near their camp.

At last their great canoe flapped its wings, and sailed away, and the Palefaces carried off with them a young Indian boy, the son of a chief. There was no hope of getting him back. No one dared go near the vessel. What became of the lad was never known, and there was sorrow and lamentation over his loss, for he was an only son. It was a long story before the narrator had finished. There were many grunts and ugh's ! and hi's ! and ho's ! before he ended. Then it was the universal opinion that the Narragansetts had manufactured the story.

Now, it was easy for the people of Massasoit to discredit any boasting story which their hated rivals across the bay might tell ; and they really did not believe that a word of this which they heard was true.

But you and I know that a ship from France put in at Narragansett Bay in the month of April, 1524.

This was written to Francis I. by the sailor Verrazzani, who told the king all about the half-naked Indians that had surrounded his ship with their canoes, and gazed in wonder at the armor which he wore.

I think, too, we may guess that the strapping Moshup, if there ever was such a jolly old giant, was frightened off the island of Nope, or Martha's Vineyard, by the Norsemen, who, it is said, visited all that region in the Land of the Bays about the year 1001.

CHAPTER X.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN.

It was in the year 1585 that Massasoit first heard stories of the Palefaces. Not one in his tribe believed that these stories were true ; yet we know that nearly one hundred years before this, Christopher Columbus had crossed the ocean four times, the grandees of Spain had planted colonies on the islands of the West Indies, and searched in vain through all the mainland for fabled cities with gold-paved streets.

The aged Ponce de Leon had sought the magic fountain of youth among the palm-trees of Florida, and old and wrinkled still, had died from an Indian arrow.

Ferdinand de Soto and his knights had wandered far in search of gold, and found their graves on the barren shores of the Mississippi river ; and then, twenty years before this very time, a large colony of Spaniards had come to Florida in a fleet of ships, to found the beautiful city of St. Augustine.

But all these visits to America had happened far

to the south, where the Mobilian Indians dwelt, and the Algonquins in the Land of the Bays never wandered southward, and did not understand the Mobilian language, and that is the reason Massasoit's people had not heard of the pale-faced Spaniards.

Then, too, in the far north, the Cabots had ploughed their white-winged ships through the shoals of codfish, off the coast of Labrador and Nova Scotia. French fishermen from Normandy had come over the "morning waters" in their frail barks to catch the fish, and dry them on the rocks of New Foundland. Jacques Cartier had sailed up the St. Lawrence river, and eaten in the wigwams of an Indian village, which he named Montreal.

But the people of Massasoit knew nothing of all this that had happened in the north, either; for the Mohawks dwelt there, and these two nations never met, except in deadly combat.

And so, as I said, the Wampanoags did not believe the boastful story of the Narragansetts about the visit of Verrazzani.

But the very next year, a great, white-winged ship anchored in the bay, near the spot where Massasoit and his father and many warriors were in camp for the fishing season; and men, who wore

shining armor, and had eyes blue like the sky, and skins white like the snow, just as the Narragansetts had said, sprang from the side of the vessel. It was a proud day for the warriors; and, trembling with mingled fear and delight, they hurried down to the beach.

One of the strangers, taller and fairer than the rest, met them with smiling face and noble bearing. He clasped the hand of the sachem, and when he spoke his voice was gentle and kind.

Now, an old chronicle says that Sir Francis Drake stopped at Cape Cod in the year 1586.

The great admiral, in his famous voyage around the world, had once cast anchor on the fragrant shores of California. His charming smile so won the hearts of the natives, that they crowned him their king, and wept sorely when he sailed away.

And here, in the Land of the Bays, the same honors awaited him.

The sachem of the Wampanoags and Massasoit, his young son, and all the dusky warriors, knelt at the feet of Sir Francis, and implored him to dwell among them, and rule them as their king.

He might take Mioonie, the sister of Massasoit, for his wife, they said, and with the thunder in his hand, he might lead the Wampanoags on the war-path to the Narragansetts; he might even unite

together all the quarreling tribes in the Land of the Bays—the Narragansetts, the Tarratines, the Massachusetts, the Pequods, the Mohegans, the Wampanoags, and lead them to victory over the hated Mohawks in the north.

Could any mortal man, even a Paleface, wish greater glory than this?

But Sir Francis looked at the half-naked savages, and then he thought of the yoemen of England, with cheeks ruddy from the freshness of the morning, and nerves like iron from the toil in the fields. He looked at Massasoit, the prince, and at his brothers, and at the young sons of the warriors, clad in the skins of wild beasts, and gay in sea-shells and bear's claws, and then he thought of the young gallants in Elizabeth's court in their doublets of scented velvets, their long silken hose, and golden rapiers hanging at their sides. He looked at the wigwams with the rows of ghastly scalp locks, the earthen pots and the rude beds of skin, and then he thought of the palaces in England, hung with rare tapestries, and adorned with pictures and books; and he thought, too, of the neat farm-houses with paddocks tacked to orchard bits, and floors scrubbed white as the oak of which they were made, and beds of white dimity, and open windows through which the breath of the heather came.

He looked at the sad-eyed squaws bowed down with hard toil in the fields, and at the painted Indian maidens, and then he thought of the merry farmers' wives in clothes of their own spinning, and the joyous dairymaids in leather stays and white sleeves with white kerchiefs pinned over their necks, laughing to the morning as they sought the kine among the hills of Devon.

No, he could not become their king and dwell in this Land of the Bays so far from the scenes of his childhood.

"He would be very glad," he said, "if all their tribes would unite and love each other as kindred nations should, but he could not lead them on the warpath to the Mohawks." Was not Philip of Spain at that very moment building ships to invade the shores of England? And was not his beloved queen calling on her cavaliers to defend her with their lives?

So Sir Francis Drake did not linger in the Land of the Bays, and the white sails of his ship spread to the breeze, and were soon lost to view in the mists of the sea.

Years passed by. Massasoit became a warrior, and was often on the warpath to bring back the scalps of his enemies; and he became renowned for his wisdom and skill.

He learned to love a maiden, a kind and gentle maiden. And when he went to visit her, he spent many hours laying on the paints of red and blue and white, smoothing out his tresses and twisting in the braids the quills of the hedgehog. He donned his finest leggings and moccasins, he clasped broad bands of silver on his arms, and chains of bear's teeth and red hawthorn berries on his neck; he hung bright plates of copper in his ears.

And then once on a warm June evening, as he wandered with the maiden by the river, he said no word of love, but he gave the snowy locust blossoms to her as a token, and she took the fragrant offering, smiling shyly at his glances.

Then this lover grew bolder in his wooing, and carried the finest roebuck to the doorway of her father's wigwam.

"Welcome!" said the warrior father; but the maiden only looked her welcome.

Then he entered the lodge, and sat down on a mat quite near her, and she did not rise to leave him. Then he put about her neck the purple wampum, always worn by the wives of the sachems, and so these two were married. And Massasoit was very proud and happy as he led the dear one to his wigwam.

A few years after this the father of Massasoit died, and there was lamentation among all the tribes that paid him tribute.

The body of the great chief was wrapped in the finest mats, and he was buried, sitting, with his hands upon his knees. His tomahawk and wampum, his bright paints, a little corn, and a few pieces of wood to make a fire on his long journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds, were placed in the grave by his side.

And his brilliant mantle of feathers was hung on the limbs of the nearest tree, where it swayed mournfully in the wind to remind the passers-by, of him who lay buried beneath the spreading branches.

CHAPTER XI.

MASSASOIT, THE KING.

MASSASOIT was chosen king after the death of his father, and many tribes came to his lodge to pay him tribute.

Now Massasoit was not so proud and haughty as his father had been, for he had seen the shining armor of the white men, and his own powers seemed mean and little when he thought of the thunder they held in their hands.

He chose as his capitol seat a beautiful spot near Narragansett Bay, called Sowams, where the town of Warren, Rhode Island, now is.

The Indians did not build houses, dig wells, plant orchards, fence in pastures and make some one place a home for themselves and their families as long as they lived.

They dwelt in tents, their water was from the springs or running brooks, they had no flocks and no orchards, and because it was easy to move, they were always moving. And so they were divided up into little bands, and every pond and waterfall, and neck of land, and almost every hill, had its own tribe under its own chief.

But all these petty chiefs, from the Cape of Storms to the east side of Narragansett Bay, including the island of Nope, Nantucket, and the many other islands dotting the sea along the coast, were under tribute to Massasoit, king of the Wampanoags. It required great skill to rule over so many different clans, but the young king was wise in council and brave in war; and he was so generous that other sachems in the Land of the Bays, who had been at war with his father, came to Massasoit to bury the hatchet.

"Let us dig up yonder oak," said one, "and bury our hatchet beneath its roots." "Nay," said another, "the strong winds from the northwest might one day lay the mighty oak in the dust. Let us lift up yonder high mountain whose peak reaches to the sky, and bury our hatchet beneath it."

"Ah," said another, "who of us has the power of a Manitou that he can remove a mountain from its base? Yonder is the lovely bay of Narragansett. Let us throw our hatchet far out beneath the smiling waters, that it may never again sever the bonds of our friendship." And so the flint hatchet was buried far out in the sea, and these nations dwelt at peace with one another.

But across the bay on the west were the hated Narragansetts, who would not bury the hatchet;

for they could not forget the ancient feuds of their fathers.

In 1602 an English ship, under command of Bartholomew Gosnold, sailed to the Cape of Storms, and many small skiffs were let down from its high deck to cast nets into the sea. The fishermen made such draughts of codfish that they called the place Cape Cod. Five of them came ashore, but only for a day, and Massasoit did not see them, because it was late for the fishing season when he and his warriors were in the habit of going into camp on the Cape of Storms.

Gosnold soon embarked for Nope, the giant Moshup's island, which he called Martha's Vineyard. He sailed all around Martha's Vineyard, then landed to explore it, and found it was covered with forests ; fruits furnished food, and flowers delighted the eye at every turn ; the honeysuckle, the wild pea, the eglantine and roses filled the air with perfume. Young sassafras, which brought a great price in England as a medicine, promised the fortune of a gold-mine ; while the deer which bounded through the leafy glades, and the beaver with villages on every stream, made the fishermen think that this land was, indeed, a paradise for hunters and trappers.

After passing the beautiful cliffs on the west end

of the island, they discovered a little lake, and in the lake a rocky islet. Nothing could be better for a colony than this, they thought, and so they built a storehouse and fort on the islet, and surrounded it with a high palisade as a defense against the Indians, should they prove hostile. Then they brought their fishing boats from the ship, and began to feel much at home in the new world.

Soon an Indian chief came with fifty warriors to make them a friendly visit, and Captain Gosnold presented the chief with two knives and a straw hat. The warrior did not seem to regard the hat, but the knives made a great impression. He whittled and shaved everything he could lay his hands on, and in the end his leggings were a sorry sight, with the slits and gashes made by the magic knives.

The white men gave their guests a feast of roasted crabs and broiled lobsters, and served scallops with mustard, which nipped their noses and caused them to make such wry faces that everybody laughed. After this a brisk trade was carried on with the Indians, and, in a few weeks, the ship of Gosnold was loaded with furs and sassafras, and the captain prepared to return to England with his cargo ; he picked out the bravest of his men to remain in the fort and collect another cargo, while he was absent on the voyage. But when the sails

of the ship were set, the hearts of these men failed them. They dreaded an attack from the Indians, and all embarked for England. And so only a fort, which was soon overgrown with rank weeds and clambering vines, remained to tell of the settlement planted in the Land of the Bays by Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PLAGUE.

In 1614 Captain John Smith came to Cape Cod. This Captain Smith was a wonderful man, if everything is true that is said about him. Before he was thirteen, his father died, and John ran off to sea. He fought against the Spaniards, and after a time started to try his fortune against the Turks.

On the way he was set upon by robbers, stripped of his clothes and money, and left to die in the forest, but was found by a peasant and nursed back to health again.

Then he fell in with a French vessel at Marseilles, which captured a Venetian merchant ship, and he shared in the plunder.

With his pockets full of money, he joined a company of pilgrims on the way to the Holy Land, and such a violent storm arose immediately after embarking in the vessel, that these pilgrims said he was a second Jonah, and threw him overboard to the whales. The boy did not wait for a whale, but swam like a drowning rat to an island, hailed a passing ship, and soon after reached the army in

Hungary, for which he had started. Here he was very useful, and invented fireworks to help drive the Turks away from Lymbach, which they were besieging.

As the Turkish army lay opposite the army of the Christians, three champion Turks, one after the other, stepped forth from the line of battle and challenged some cavalier to mortal combat. Smith encountered them, one after the other, and cut off their heads; and he was made a captain of the horse for his many feats at arms.

A Tartar prince captured him soon after with several of his countrymen, and they were sold in a slave-market near Adrianople.

A pasha bought him to be his cupbearer in a very grand palace, and Smith looked so handsome in his long embroidered robes that the wife of the pasha fell in love with him.

Then the husband, in a jealous rage, planned to sell him into worse bondage; but the beautiful wife sent him secretly to her brother on the Black Sea for safe keeping.

Instead of caring for him, this wicked brother stripped off his fine silken garments, clothed him in a coarse hair coat, girded about with a thong of skin, shaved his head and beard, riveted a great ring of iron about his neck, and made him the slave of slaves.

Smith watched and planned for an escape, and one day, when he found himself alone with his overseer, he struck him to the ground with his threshing bat, stripped the clothes from the body and hid it under the straw.

Then he dressed himself in the clothes of the Turk, filled a sack with corn, shut the door of the prison, mounted a horse, and fled to the desert, where he wandered about until he fell in with some Christians, who were making a pilgrimage. He roamed all over Europe, and at last reached England just in time to sail for America. Now everybody was talking about America at this time.

Many merchants had become rich by traffic with the Indians in furs and sassafras; and as for the fishing trade, it had created a codfish aristocracy which the nobles said would soon undermine the very foundations of polite society.

But King James was anxious to have the New World settled, and he encouraged the fisheries and the traffic in furs. He divided all the land which he claimed in America, and which was called Virginia, between two companies of merchants. To the London Company he gave South Virginia, and to the Plymouth Company he gave North Virginia, which included the Land of the Bays.

Now the London Company was just sending over

ships to plant a colony in South Virginia, when Captain John Smith reached England. "Here is a chance to see something more of the world," said Smith, and without a day's delay he stepped on the hatchway of one of the vessels. The heavy sails swelled out before the winds, and in due course of time about a hundred passengers landed on the shores of a beautiful river, which they called the James, in honor of the king ; and in the month of May, 1607, began to lay out Jamestown.

So Captain Smith helped to found the first permanent English settlement in America. He became governor of Jamestown, and remained there three years, exploring the coast and meeting with many adventures.

Once he was taken captive by the Indians, and spent his time for several weeks whittling dolls and making many curious playthings, for a ten-year-old Indian princess, who, it is said, saved him from death by throwing herself before him just as a cruel tomahawk was raised above his head.

Smith was wounded at last by an explosion of gunpowder, and returned to England. He was soon sought out by the Plymouth Company to go to North Virginia to take whales, and search for mines of gold and copper.

So two ships, one under command of Captain

John Smith, and the other under Thomas Hunt, sailed from the Downes of England, and in March, 1614, made the shores of Penobscot Bay, which was already a famous resort for fishermen.

While Hunt and his men were busy harpooning whales and trading with the Indians, Smith explored the coast of the Land of the Bays. He drew a map from point to point, and harbor to harbor, and rowed up a broad river which he named the Charles, after the young prince of that name, and he stopped at a harbor which he called Plymouth, after the busy seaport town in England.

Now, while Captain Smith was serving his company by noting all the places where the merchant ships might anchor, and jotting down locations for the cities of the future, Captain Hunt was serving them in quite a different way. He had filled his vessel with whale blubber and furs, and then, to make his cargo still more profitable, he kidnapped twenty Indians from Plymouth, and seven from Cape Cod, to sell as slaves in the markets of Spain.

The cries of the unhappy prisoners rang out over the waters as the ship sailed away, but those who followed in canoes to rescue them, received a volley of shot and returned to the shore, vowing vengeance on the Palefaces.

So, when two French fishing smacks came sail-

ing into Massachusetts Bay, how should these poor Indians know that they were not the English in search of more slaves?

They set upon the Frenchmen and massacred all but five, who were held in wretched bondage, and sent from one sachem to another, to perform the most degrading labor.

It is said that one of them had saved a Bible from the wreck of the ship, and after he had learned the language of the Indians, he told them that the God of the white men would send punishment upon the red men, because they had killed the French sailors, who never did them any wrong. He told them that they would one day be destroyed and wiped off the face of the earth; for the white man's God was very angry; and to prove his words, he read the passage, "'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord."

But the sachem of the Massachusetts tribe, by whom the men had been killed, led the Frenchman to a high hill. He looked down on the wigwams which dotted the streams and the cornfields, and the plantations of tobacco and vines along the beautiful bay. "Ah," he exclaimed, "the Massachusetts are such a great nation that the white man's God cannot destroy us all. Behold our fields and our wigwams."

A very short time after, a terrible plague swept over the fair country, and hardly one hundred of all the three thousand warriors who dwelt about the bay escaped. But the sorrow was not among the Massachusetts alone, for the Wampanoags, and all their other allies, were afflicted. Massasoit saw thousands of his people perish. He mourned deeply and prayed long hours before the little bundle of skins which hung in his lodge, imploring the Great Spirit to spare his warriors; but they were stricken down so fast by the dread disease, that soon the living could not bury the dead.

Then he looked across the bay, and saw that not one of his enemies had fallen. And when he learned that only the Massachusetts and their friends had been scourged by the plague, he remembered how the Massachusetts had slain the Frenchmen; and he said that the slave with the Bible had spoken truly, for they were being punished by the white man's God.

And so the story went about, and, like every story, grew larger and larger as it went, that the white men held the demon of the plague, and had sent it across the morning waters to destroy them.

Massasoit believed this story, and all the Indians who dwelt in the Land of the Bays believed it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PILGRIMS.

It was in the time of "good Queen Bess" that Sir Francis Drake had, if report be true, visited the Land of the Bays.

It was during this reign also that oppressions about religion began in England.

Laws were made by the queen and her bishops, imposing severe penalties on those who refused to conform to all the rules of the English church.

Prayers were to be read from a book, and there were many ceremonies which some people did not like at all, and yet were forced to observe.

Those over sixteen years of age, who refused to go to the church assigned them by the bishop, were cast into prison, and if they stayed away three months they might be put to death.

In 1602 several persons in the north of England met together at Scrooby, to pray to God as they saw fit, and when this became known, they were thrown into prison and persecuted in so many ways, that they resolved to seek a home in Holland, where they might worship as they pleased.

By the time they were ready to go, James I. was king in England. He was even more severe about church going than Queen Elizabeth had been ; and when he learned that this new sect was planning to leave England, set guards to watch the ports and harbors day and night.

After many efforts to escape the vigilance of the police, twenty-two families succeeded in embarking for Holland, and because they wandered from place to place, they were called Pilgrims.

These Pilgrims settled at last on a tract of land in the city of Leyden, where they built a house for each family, and lived to themselves and worshipped as they pleased.

Now, Holland was proud of her reputation as a refuge for heretics from all over Europe, and because these Pilgrims were honest and industrious, they were treated kindly and greatly respected by the good burghers of Leyden.

The little colony soon increased in numbers, and among those who came were young Edward Winslow and John Carver, who brought their brides from England. These two men became, later on, very prominent in American colonial affairs.

The Pilgrims lived twelve years in Leyden, and were noted for their intelligence and thrift ; but they were the subject of many a jest back in Eng-

land, and were called the "pinched fanatics of Leyden" by the gay courtiers of King James.

Now, during all these years it was very difficult for the English to become accustomed to the strange customs and language of the Dutch; and try as hard as they might, some of them could not make enough money to keep the wolf from the door.

The boys were going off to sea, or joining the army, for want of anything else to do, and the children were fast learning the Dutch language and ways of living.

The Pilgrims were still greatly attached to England, and wished to find a home where they might live in the dear old English way, and at the same time be free to worship as they pleased. They planned to go to South America, and then they thought they would go to the new colony in Virginia; but when they heard of a beautiful river which Henry Hudson had discovered while on a voyage for the Dutch, they said this was the promised land for which they had sought; and as King James claimed the river on account of the discoveries of the Cabots, they resolved to obtain his permission to settle on its banks.

So they sent Elder William Brewster to England to act as their agent in the matter.

At first they were refused the right to settle in America, because they were Pilgrims, but after spending much time and money, they were allowed to plant a colony on the Hudson.

And so the youngest and strongest of the Pilgrim band in Leyden were chosen to go across the sea, under the guidance of Elder Brewster, to prepare the way for the rest.

Several of the richest of them sold their estates, put their money together and bought the little ship *Speedwell* in Amsterdam; then, with friends in England who wished to join them, they hired the *Mayflower*, a larger ship, and soon the *Speedwell* sailed out of the little harbor of Delft Haven to meet the *Mayflower* at Southampton. As these young Pilgrims disappeared in the mists of the sea, they were followed by the prayers of the Leyden congregation, who had accompanied them to the little seaport town to say good-bye. It was a sad parting; for it was a long and dangerous voyage to America, and they knew not if they might ever meet again. In a few days the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower* set their sails against the wind; but the *Speedwell* was found to be leaky, and both ships put into port, where they lay at anchor eight days for repairs.

Again the sails were set; but the shattered

Speedwell could not make headway, sailed back to Plymouth, and was finally abandoned as unseaworthy. The most zealous of her passengers went on board the *Mayflower*; and on the sixth of September, 1620, one hundred and two brave men and women and children set their faces toward the sea.

Some one said that God sifted a whole nation, that he might send choice grain into the wilderness, and I think you will agree with this saying when you know what these people accomplished in America during the next few years.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLYMOUTH.

WINDS tossed the *Mayflower* about the sea for nine long weeks, and when at last land came in sight, it proved to be Cape Cod. This was several hundred miles north of the Hudson river, where the Pilgrims wished to go, and so they turned about, to sail to the south. But the ship ran into shoals and breakers, and narrowly escaped a wreck. So they returned to Cape Cod harbor; but there were only long stretches of white sand banks, and a few straggling pines along this coast, and they decided to send off explorers to look for a better place to land.

Before any left the ship, they made a set of laws which all promised to obey, and chose John Carver to be governor of the colony for one year.

Then Captain Miles Standish and a few others went in search of a town site.

Every man had his musket, sword and corslet, and the little party crept cautiously along, sometimes skirting the shore of the bay in an open boat, and sometimes pushing their way into the mainland on foot.

Whenever the explorers returned they had much to tell, and all in the ship gathered eagerly around them to learn about their adventures.

Once they said they had seen Indians, a group of five or six half-naked, dusky fellows, who ran away as fast as their legs would carry them. Another time they found some frozen mounds of earth, dug into them with their swords, and found pits lined with bark, in which were the baskets of corn they brought back. None of the Pilgrims had ever seen the maize of the Indians, and the good women fell straightway to wondering how it might be cooked.

Then Captain Standish told how they had dug into another mound, expecting to find more corn, but found instead the bones of a man and the dried mummy of a little child ; and the skull of the man was covered with golden hair.

Now they knew that the Indians had black hair, and wondered what this lonely grave by the seashore meant. Could it be the grave of one of the yellow-haired Norsemen, who were said to have dwelt for a time in this region? The little Pilgrims were more curious to know about the little child, and talked about it over and over again.

A long time afterwards they learned of the massacre of the Frenchmen, how five of them had been

made slaves, and how one had proved himself so agreeable to his chief, that he was kindly treated, and married to an Indian maiden. Then the little Pilgrims wondered if the dead child, with the beads, and little bow, and arrow and playthings, scattered all around him, were not the son of this Frenchman. But no one ever really knew anything about the Indian child and the man of the golden locks, who lay asleep together in one grave.

Once when the explorers returned to the ship, they told how William Bradford had been caught in an Indian deer trap, and there was great merriment over the thought of this scholarly man suspended in mid-air in the fork of a sapling.

Here and there, from an ambush in the forest, they caught sight of Indians, and upon one occasion were met with a shower of arrows; but no one was injured, and at the sound of the guns the Indians fled.

A whole month was spent in exploring the coast, and the winter weather was so severe that their clothes were sometimes frozen on them like coats of mail.

But they built their camp-fires under the boughs of the fir-trees, and wandered many miles in quest of a landing-place.

On the twenty-first of December, the Pilgrim

scouts ran their shallop into the harbor which Captain Smith had called Plymouth on his map, and were so well pleased with the spot, they decided to make it their home ; so they returned to the ship with the joyful news, and soon the ship cast anchor in Plymouth haven, with the whole company on board. They stood on the icy deck with the winds blowing through the masts overhead, and the waves roaring about the great black hull beneath, and sang hymns of praise for deliverance from the dangers of the sea. Boatload after boatload left the ship. There was joy at setting foot on land once more. They gathered fuel and built fires under the snow-laden pines.

The women washed the soiled linen at a spring, and the men set about building a shelter. They chose a hillside sloping down to Cape Cod Bay, and put up a log house large enough for all. Then they divided the whole company into nineteen families, and laid out plots of land where each family might build its own house.

Meanwhile, although the Pilgrims did not know anything about it until many years after, the Indians of all that region gathered their powwow priests into a gloomy swamp not far from Plymouth, and for three days and three nights, used all their black charms and cursed the white men

THERE WAS JOY AT SETTING FOOT ON LAND ONCE MORE.

in a most terrible manner. They did not venture very near the settlement, but were often seen hovering about the forests. The Pilgrims were in such fear of an attack, that they formed a military company, with Miles Standish as captain, and built a platform of logs on the brow of the hill, and mounted it with cannon.

It would take a long time to tell of the hardships endured by the settlers of New England, as they tried to build homes in the snow. They had difficulty to get stone, mortar and thatch; they lacked boats to unload their goods from the ship; disease fell upon them, and the sick lay in the crowded ship, or in half-built cabins heaped around with snow-drifts, so that sometimes two or three died in one day.

But the living did not falter. They carried out the dead and buried them in a bluff by the river, and smoothed over the graves that the Indians might not know how few remained alive.

At one time there were but seven well ones in the whole company, and when the long, dreary winter was ended, fifty-one of the hundred and two were dead.

CHAPTER XV.

AN EXCHANGE OF VISITS.

When the long, dreary winter was over and joyous spring had come, nature seemed to whisper glad tidings to the sad-eyed Pilgrims. The snow melted away into babbling brooks, the trees put forth green leaves, the little wild flowers dotted the hillside and peeped from among the mosses of the forest, while the songs of many strange birds filled the air with music.

The Pilgrims had not yet seen an Indian in their village, but one day a tall, handsome Indian came boldly into camp and called out, "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!" He said he was Samoset, and had learned English of the fishermen in the north.

He said they were on a spot where, four years before, the Massachusetts Indians had dwelt; but this tribe had all been swept away by a great plague, except about a hundred warriors. The Wampanoags, whose king was Massasoit, were their nearest neighbors, and they, too, had suffered from the plague, so that of more than three thousand warriors only five hundred remained alive.

Samoset seemed very intelligent, and the Pilgrims soon saw that he would be of service in making treaties of peace with the tribes, and acting as interpreter.

When he took his leave, they presented him with a knife, a bracelet and a ring, and he promised to come back again and bring some friends, who would trade in beaverskins.

A few days after his first visit, Samoset returned with several Indians, to trade some skins for trinkets; but, as it was Sabbath, the Pilgrims would not buy their skins, and told them to come some other time. Very soon after, Samoset came again in company with Squanto, who was one of the Indians stolen by Captain Hunt. He had escaped from his slavery in Spain, and returned with some English fishermen to his old home on Massachusetts Bay, only to find that all of his friends were dead with the plague. In vain he searched for his dear ones along the rivers and through the hills of the beautiful country. Skulls and bones lay bleaching in the sun; here and there were wigwams falling to pieces with decay, but there was no trace of any of his people, and at last the heart-broken Indian gave up his vain quest and sought a place among the warriors of Massasoit. He now came with Samoset to bring word that the

great sachem, Massasoit, was on his way to Plymouth, and wished an interview with the governor. And sure-enough, our old friend Massasoit soon appeared on a neighboring hilltop. He looked much older than when we saw him last; but his bearing was that of a true king of the forest. He was painted a dark red and wore skins and a necklace of bear's teeth; and a long knife swung on his bosom fastened by a string. His companions were all painted, some red, some black, some white and yellow; some wore skins and some were without clothing.

He did not hasten with a smile of welcome as we would expect him to do, when we remember how eagerly he once watched for the coming of the white men.

Squanto had told him that these white men were a powerful people, who dwelt across the morning waters, in palaces of marble; that their numbers were as the sands of the sea, and that they had the plague buried under their storehouses, and could send it forth upon any people they pleased.

So whether he and his warriors might be kidnapped, or striken with disease, or received with the kindness of brothers, was a great question in the mind of Massasoit, as he came over the brow of Strawberry Hill with sixty of his followers. He

remained standing in the distance until Edward Winslow was sent out with Squanto to meet him. Winslow bore presents to the chief, and told him that King James, of England, saluted him as a brother with peace and love.

Now Massasoit was pleased with the gifts and this greeting ; but he was very cautious.

He said that Winslow should remain as a hostage with his warriors, while he and a few trusted followers were at the audience with the governor.

They were conducted across the brook, which ran between the hill and the town, by Captain Standish and six musketeers in full armor, to the largest building in Plymouth. Here rugs and cushions were placed upon the floor on which to sit. Governor Carver soon entered, with drums beating and trumpets blowing, and greeted the sachem with great ceremony.

The two sat together on a rug. Massasoit trembled and seemed much impressed with the splendor of his reception.

There was a feast and a smoke. Then the first treaty made in New England was signed, in which pledges of peace and good will were exchanged. All offenders should be given up to be punished. If the English engaged in war, the Wampanoags would aid them ; if the Wampanoags were at-

tacked, the English would help them. These were the terms of a peace which lasted for fifty years, and Massasoit returned to his lodge at Sowams, well pleased with his visit.

Squanto taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn. Seven houses were soon finished, besides the large town house, and the Pilgrims began to feel so encouraged that when the *Mayflower* returned to England, not one of the Colonists went back with her. They had adopted New England as their home.

Scarcely had the good ship departed, bearing greetings and sad messages to the friends in London, when Governor Carver died. This new sorrow was felt deeply, for the noble man had been loved by all.

Then William Bradford was chosen governor. He remembered that the Indians had never been paid for the corn which the Pilgrims had taken from the pits when exploring the coast. So he sent Edward Winslow and Squanto to Massasoit to find out the owners of the corn, that they might be paid ; and it was also their mission to tell the chief it was impossible to feed so many Indians as now came to Plymouth to make friendly visits.

When the messengers arrived at the lodge of the chief, he was not at home, but his wife and children

were there and received them kindly, though they glanced with fear at the muskets and stood very near the door as if ready to fly at every movement.

When Winslow saw Massasoit coming in the distance, he fired off his musket in salute, and then presented him with a coat of red cotton trimmed with lace, and a fine copper chain. Massasoit put on the coat immediately, hung the chain about his neck, and was so delighted with these gifts that it was a long time before business could be transacted.

His wife gazed on him in admiration as he strutted about the wigwam.

Then he summoned many tributary chiefs to meet Winslow, and told them they must remember that he was Massasoit, sachem of thirty villages, and it was his wish that they make treaties of peace and commerce with the white men of Plymouth.

All the warriors agreed to do this. Who could resist such a magnificent sachem in scarlet coat and glittering chain?

Now Winslow stayed three days and nights in the lodge of Massasoit, and the truth must be told of this visit, even at the risk of casting doubts on the good housekeeping of the hostess. When it was time to sleep, Winslow was invited to share the bed with Massasoit and his wife.

The bed was several planks raised a few inches from the ground and covered with skins. He was put at the foot of the bed and two warriors lay down beside him, and what with the snoring and crowding of his four bed-fellows, and the biting of the fleas and lice, he hardly slept a wink.

Food was also scarce just at this time, and the chief was greatly grieved and shamed that he could not better entertain his white brothers.

But great good came of this visit to Massasoit. Friendship was cemented with several new tribes, and a trading-post was established at Sowams, so that there was soon a well-worn path between a merchant of Mount Hope Neck and the settlers in Plymouth.

Now when you hear the word merchant you probably think of great warehouses down by the busy wharves, where vessels are coming in and going out all day long, and of long salesrooms lined with shelves of goods, with messenger boys flying in every direction, clerks busy and smiling, and bookkeepers writing in huge leather-bound volumes. But this merchant on the Taunton river, with whom the Pilgrims traded, had a very different way of transacting business.

His shipping was the slender canoe, hid down on the bank among the bushes, his warehouse, a wig-

wam of skins on the hillside, and his shelving, baskets of willow.

He had a large assortment to sell, and was kept busy all the year round.

He traded his stock for English wares, and then sold these to more remote Indians, who were ignorant of their worth. Thus he often made double profit.

In winter he had mats, baskets, brooms and wild turkeys, the skins of beavers, otter, mink, bears, moose, deer, raccoons, and many other fur-bearing animals which filled the forests of New England at that time.

In summer this merchant had all kinds of fish to sell, and strawberries, whortleberries, raspberries, blackberries, sassafras and grapes.

In autumn he had a supply of cranberries, venison and tobacco.

In exchange for these things the Pilgrims gave nails, chests, fish-hooks, water-pails, hatchets, glass bottles, beads, iron pots, woolen blankets, cider and whiskey.

But they soon refused to traffic in whiskey. The Indians had a diseased appetite for the "fire water," and would not stop drinking until they were intoxicated. If there were not enough liquor to make all in a company drunk, they would draw

lots, and some drank while the rest sat about watching the carousing of their more fortunate friends. So the good people of Plymouth quit selling whiskey.

They would not sell muskets, either, for fear of their lives, and made a law forbidding the sale of any firearms to the Indians.

CHAPTER XVI.

THANKSGIVING.

When autumn came, a stout fortress crowned the hill at Plymouth, from which a broad street led down to the harbor.

Seven log houses had been built, and more were going up; but some stood unfinished, because death had stayed the hands of the builders.

The Pilgrims were sore at heart for the loss of over half of their colony; but they would not murmur. They said it was the will of heaven, and they would submit.

They were so grateful for an abundant harvest, which promised food for those who were living, that they resolved to offer thanks to God.

So, when the corn was gathered, and the fuel laid in for the winter, Governor Bradford appointed a day of thanksgiving.

Four men killed fowl enough to last a week. There was a great store of wild turkeys, and from that day to this, the turkey has been an honored, though silent, guest of every New England thanksgiving.

Then the governor invited King Massasoit to join in this first thanksgiving dinner. The great chief came in his red coat and best paint, oiled to a turn, and with him came seventy warriors in feathers and fine skins, decorated with quills and wampum. They brought five deer from the forest to add to the feast, and roasted them on spits over the fire built out in the open. There was little ceremony needed in serving a dinner to Indians, who were accustomed to eat with their fingers, and drink from dried gourds ; but for all that, the women were kept very busy preparing food for a hundred and twenty people. There were only four of these noble women left who had sailed in the *Mayflower*, and they were pale and thin with long months of nursing the sick, and their faces were lined with care.

Yet all the Pilgrims tried to remember that it was a day of thanksgiving, and there were feats with firearms and bows and arrows, and there were quoits and many other games in which the Indians joined. Taking it altogether, the first thanksgiving day in New England was a great success.

Soon after this, the ship *Fortune* sailed into port with thirty Pilgrims from Leyden. There was mingled joy and sorrow in the reunion. Some of the bravest and best of the Plymouth friends were

gone, and tears would come as the sad story was told.

Then when the *Fortune* set sail to return home, her seamen had to be supplied with food, and that reduced the supplies still more. So the corn just gathered had to be carefully distributed, or it would not hold out till the next harvest. It had taken the scant store in Leyden to pay for the voyage across the sea, and the newcomers had no provisions with them.

Now, patient in tribulation and reverent in worship, as these Pilgrims were, there were some among them who were not Christians, and these caused a great deal of trouble.

Even while the *Mayflower* still lay at anchor in Cape Cod Bay, a wilful boy got at the gunpowder, made squibs and shot off fowling-pieces between decks where there was a half barrel of powder, and kept the timid women and children in constant terror by his lawless conduct.

Then a few of those who came over in the *Fortune* were not in harmony with the little community.

The Pilgrims did not believe in celebrating Christmas as a holiday, and when Christmas day came Governor Bradford marshaled his men into line, as was his custom, to go to the forest to fell

down trees. Some from the *Fortune* said that it was against their consciences to work on Christmas, and refused to go with the rest. But when the tired men returned from their labor for dinner, these over-scrupulous fellows were pitching bars and playing at other games in great glee.

The governor told them it was against his conscience that some should play while others toiled to supply them comforts; and ordered them to quit their games, and, either sit in the house at worship, or go out in the field to work.

But, after all is said, these troublesome members were easily managed, for the Pilgrims made their own laws, and the doughty Captain Miles Standish enforced them with his musketeers. The "black sheep" preferred to remain in the fold at Plymouth, rather than risk their lives in the howling wilderness.

There were constant rumors of plotting among the Narragansetts, and all were united in common defense from the threatened attack.

Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, had seemed friendly to the Pilgrims at first; but when he saw the alliance between them and his old enemies, the Wampanoags, he fell into a great rage.

The plague had left his own tribe untouched,

while it had reduced the warriors of his rival to a handful.

Had he not been sharpening his tomahawk for two years to exterminate the few who were left? Had not the powwows been certain of victory? And now these white men had come with their fire-belching muskets to strengthen the feeble arm of Massasoit. What was to be done? "It was easy enough," said Canonicus. He would march his thousands against the white men. He would wipe the handful of Palefaces off the face of the earth. Their hair was short; but corslets and helmets and firearms would more than make up for bad scalps.

So one day, as Governor Bradford was busy with his papers, the door of his room swung noiselessly open, and an Indian messenger laid upon the table a bundle of arrows tied with a snake skin.

Squanto said that this was a declaration of war, and that the Narragansetts could muster about five thousand warriors.

Now the best that could be done at Plymouth was to arm fifty men; but it would never do to show fear, and so the governor filled the snake skin with powder and bullets and sent it back. This frightened the Narragansetts. They thought the spirit of the thunderbolts, which rent the

mighty oaks of the forest, dwelt in the strange mixture that went into a gun ; and they handled the snake skin, gorged to the fangs with the deadly stuff, as a dynamite bomb would be handled to-day.

It passed from chief to chief, and, at last, came back to Plymouth with a pledge of peace.

The Pilgrims now prepared for future attacks from the Indians, and built a stronger log fort on the brow of the nearest hill, which also served for a meeting-house ; and they enclosed the whole settlement with a high fence or stockade, and shut the gates every evening at sunset.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEDICINE MEN.

In 1622 two ships sailed into Plymouth harbor with about sixty men from London, who had come to America to engage in the fur trade.

They had little food of their own, and stayed at Plymouth for the most of the summer, enjoying the hospitality of the Pilgrims; but they were not welcome guests, for they were lawless men, and thought that money-making was the chief aim of life. Late in the autumn, they chose Weymouth, near the mouth of a small stream emptying into Boston Bay, as a fishing station. They were ungrateful for the favors they had received, and made much sport of the Pilgrims. They said these pious Plymouth saints spent too much time on their knees, and declared that the fish trade was the foundation of wealth. But, as we shall see, they soon found that fish alone made a very slippery foundation for them to build upon. In the spring of 1623, news came to Plymouth that Massasoit was ill, and Edward Winslow and an interpreter were sent with medicines to visit him.

On the way they heard that the great chief was dead, whereupon the interpreter broke out with loud lamentations. "*Neen womasu sagamus*! *Neen womasu sagamus*!" he wailed, "Many have I known, but none like thee! He was not a liar; he was not bloody and cruel like other Indians. He was a wise sachem, but never ashamed to ask advice. He was easy to be reconciled toward such as had offended him. He governed his men better with few strokes than others did with many. *Neen womasu sagamus*!"

Thus the old man mourned, and the rude March winds kept time with his cries. But farther on, they met some Indians, who said that the powwows were working great charms over Massasoit, and that he was still alive.

As they hurried on through the leafless forests, Winslow asked his guide who the powwows were.

"They are great medicine men," answered the guide. "They are wise men who know how to outwit the evil spirit who sends disease. When they are called in to see a sick man, they first place him in a room built of stones, and heated by fires lighted around the outside of it. Then they put red-hot stones in the room and sprinkle water over them with cedar branches until a vapor rises. When the patient is in a sweat, they carry him out

to a running stream, and plunge him into the cold water.

"Now, if this fails to restore the sick man," continued the guide, "there are other remedies which these medicine men use. There are the juices of berries and leaves, the bark and roots of trees, the skins of snakes and the warts of frogs, dried and pounded into powder, and there are various other cures, which the common people know nothing about.

"Sometimes the powwow seeks out a Manitou in the woods, and when he returns he says there must be a great feast before the sick man can get well; and so game is brought by all the friends, and there is feasting and dancing and shouting until devoted relatives become so wild with excitement, that they often spring, naked, into snow-drifts, and dance about for hours in the coldest weather, without the least injury to themselves. All this generally makes the patient well.

"Then, too, after many prayers, the powwow sometimes announces that gifts from friends will cure the sick man; and so all his friends, from far and near, bring presents of skins and wampums, fish-hooks, moccasins, pouches, and everything they think he would like if he were well again, and he often gets well after that."

"I should really think," said Winslow, laughing, "that it would be a great temptation to get sick for the sake of such treatment as that!"

"Ah," said the guide, "you think someone might just pretend to be sick. That would not be possible, for the powwow would see through his deception."

"Doesn't the powwow receive some of the presents?"

"Oh, yes; he is given half when the sick are restored to health."

"Do you not think a wicked powwow might persuade some man to become suddenly sick in order to share the profits of the gift cure?" asked Winslow.

"Ah, no;" said the guide, "he would then lose his power over the evil spirit, and could never work cures again."

"If one medicine man fails to restore health, do the friends change to another doctor?"

"Ah, no, they never do that. If a man dies, the powwow is held in still greater esteem than if he had recovered, for he must have been very brave to attack an evil spirit that was so powerful as to kill the sick, in spite of everything that had been done to prevent it."

They had now reached the wigwam of Massasoit,

and as they entered, they found the room packed close with mourning friends, many of whom were already painted black, as a sign that death was near. Tears ran like rain down their cheeks, and, mingling with the soot, made them look the picture of woe.

Several powwows were yelling their incantations, rattling tortoise-shells in his ears to drive away the evil spirit, and crowding about him so closely that he must soon have died in sheer self-defense. There he lay, cold, wasted and speechless, on his couch of skins.

When Winslow took his hand and spoke, he opened his eyes feebly, and whispered through shrunken lips, "Oh, Winslow, I shall never see you again."

Winslow gave him some simple remedies, made broth to give him strength, and in a few days restored him to health.

Massasoit was so pleased with the tender care of his white friends that he revealed a deep-laid plot among the Massachusetts Indians to destroy first the little settlement at Weymouth, and then fall upon Plymouth.

He said the tribes feared the little man Standish more than all the others put together, and once, while he was out hunting, had planned to kill him.

So an Indian slept on the ground near Standish, intending to strike him dead as soon as he slept; but the night happened to be very cold, the little captain could not sleep, and kept turning before the fire so that there had been no chance to take him unawares. All the Indians were afraid of a hand-to-hand fight with him, for they thought he was in league with the evil spirit.

Massasoit said that he himself had been asked to join in the league for the destruction of the white men; but he had refused to do so, and was now glad, for he knew that the white men had saved his life.

When Winslow heard that the attack on Weymouth was to be very soon, he hastened with all speed to Plymouth, to spread the alarm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WEYMOUTH.

The colony at Weymouth had caused the plotting among the Massachusetts, which Massasoit revealed to Winslow.

The Indians had welcomed the Weymouth men to Boston Bay because they loved and respected the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and were glad to have a trading station near them.

At first, the fishermen paid double prices for corn, fish and furs, and everything went swimmingly, on the shores of the beautiful bay.

But it was not long before they began to show what rascals they were.

They wasted their own provisions, and then hunted out the hiding-places of the corn belonging to the Indians.

They hid themselves about the camps, and, when the squaws were not looking, filched the succotash as it cooked in the pots, cut down the dried venison, and robbed the wigwams of strings of pumpkin and squash.

When winter came on, they found themselves without food, and in the midst of bitter enemies.

The shell-fish, in the clustering islands of the bay, were covered with broken blocks of ice ; the acorns, on the " blue hills " to the west, were hidden under the snow ; there was no game abroad ; and so these wretched fishermen sat about the fire, in their cold cabins, through many dreary weeks. Some starved to death, others froze to death, and the few, that survived till spring, scattered about the forest, grubbing through the snow for ground-nuts ; one, in trying to gather shell-fish, was so weak from hunger, that when he was stuck in the mud, he could not pull himself out, and the tide washed him into the sea.

In the end, they became servants to the Indians, and cut wood or fetched water for a cup of corn.

And so the Indians scorned them, and called them " Paleface squaws," and began to plot to kill them, and then march against Plymouth, which was twenty-five miles to the south.

One of the traders overheard their talk, and, without saying a word to his companions, for fear they might betray him, made up his mind to seek aid from the people of Plymouth.

He was weak from want of food, he did not know the way through the wilderness, and he very well knew he would lose his life, if he were seen going toward Plymouth, for every path was guarded to

prevent communication between the two colonies. But desperation lent the poor man courage, and very early in the morning he took his hoe and went digging about in the snow, as if in search of nuts, until he reached the Indian wigwams. No Indians were about; they were still fast asleep.

Then he ran with all his might, going through the brambles and around the snow which lay in the hollows, that his footprints might not be seen.

The sky was clouded, and during the day he could not see by the sun in what direction he was going; but at night he was guided by the north star and staggered on, with the wolves howling about him.

At last, on the third day, the gates of Plymouth came in sight.

Meanwhile, Edward Winslow had returned from his visit to Massasoit, and told of the plots against Weymouth.

The Pilgrims were in great distress when they learned of the plots of the Massachusetts, with whom they had hoped to keep peace.

They knew that the fishermen, at Weymouth, were to blame for the trouble; but it was now too late to talk about that. They must find some way to defend themselves. There they were, a few feeble men, women and children, shut in between

the cruel sea and the still more cruel forest. There seemed little escape from the tomahawk of the savages, if they wished to strike the blow.

Then, too, a ship had, not long before, brought the news of a massacre of white men in Jamestown, Virginia, in which more had perished than were now alive in Plymouth.

It seemed their duty to fight for their lives as best they could.

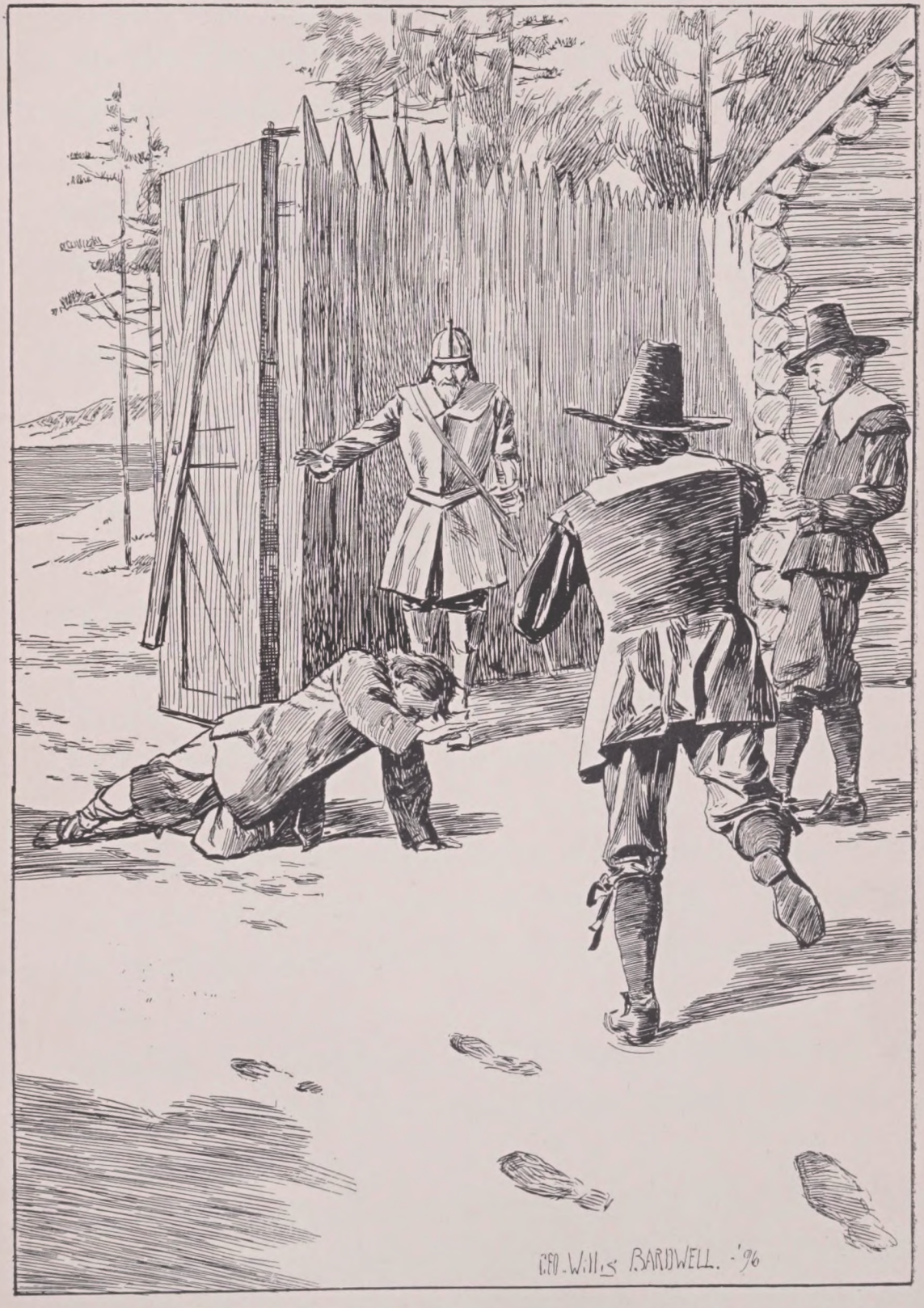
So they gathered in the meeting-house on the hill, and had just agreed to make a sudden attack and seize the leaders of the hostile tribe, when the foot-sore messenger, from Weymouth, fell, fainting, at the gate of the town.

He told his story, and they decided to act at once. Miles Standish was placed in command of the expedition, and set off in a shallop, with eight of his men and the same guide who had been with Winslow at the bedside of Massasoit.

They bore themselves as traders, in search of furs. Through the ice and surf, in the dreary weather, they reached Boston Harbor.

There lay the ship *Swan* at anchor, with no fishermen to be seen. They searched through the blockhouse and the miserable little cabins of the settlement, but no one was stirring.

They were greatly frightened, for they thought



THE FOOTSORE MESSENGER FROM WEYMOUTH FELL FAINTING AT THE GATE OF THE TOWN.

they had come too late. They fired off their muskets in the direction of the forest, and soon some stragglers came in sight, who had been out in a vain quest for food.

Standish gave them corn, and when he told them of their danger, they were thoroughly alarmed, and promised to obey all his orders.

Now, the Indians thought the white men had only come to trade in furs, and they had grown so accustomed to jibe and jeer at the "squaw whites" that they continued to do so. The chief, Pecsuot, who was a giant fellow, danced around Standish, boasting how he could make mince-meat of him, if he wished. The chief, Wetuwamet, sharpened his knife in his presence, felt its sharp point, and told of what wonderful things it could do at the throat of the white man.

But the wise Standish bore all these taunts without a sign of displeasure or suspicion. He acted quite as if he thought the Indians had come to trade in furs.

Finally, Wetuwamet and Pecsuot, with some attendants, walked into the room where Standish and his men were.

The time, agreed upon, had come. The door was shut. The little captain seized the giant Pecsuot; and each of the others grappled with an Indian.

Not a war-whoop was sounded by the amazed Indians. Each determined to fight it out. The struggle was terrible; the clash of weapons, the hoarse breathing of the wrestlers, and the groans of the dying, were all that was heard in the room.

In the end, every Indian was killed but one, and he was taken prisoner.

Then Standish hastened to the village wigwams for the rest; but the alarm had been given, and only women and children were there.

The Indian boys were frightened out of their wits at the approach of the party, and seeing that the women were always spared, they ran about screaming "*Neesquaes*! *neesquaes*!" "I am a woman! I am a woman!"

The soldiers now started in pursuit of the warriors. They had many skirmishes, in which several Indians were killed, and they drove the fugitives from swamp to swamp, until they had fled out of the country.

Then the little band of eight men returned home without the loss of one, bearing the ghastly head of Wetuwamet, which they hung on the battlements of the fort, as a warning to his tribe.

This seems hardly what we would expect from Christians, yet we must remember that, three hundred years ago, it was the custom to cut off the

heads of enemies and expose them to public view. But for all that, this cruel act seems unworthy of the Pilgrims, who, we are accustomed to think, were better than others of their time. Their beloved pastor, Robinson, when the news had crossed the sea to Leyden, wrote: "How happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you had killed any!"

The Pilgrims agreed that if they did not kill a few, they would have to kill many; for other tribes would soon join the Massachusetts, and it was thought even possible that Massasoit might break his pledges; though if they had known this great chief from his childhood, as we do, they would never have doubted him for a moment.

The Massachusetts tribes never recovered from their defeat. Between the plague and the Pilgrims, they were reduced to a mere handful of warriors, who flitted through the forests like the ghosts of their former proud race.

At last, because they were afraid to come themselves, they sent a squaw to Plymouth with offerings of peace, and soon after a treaty was signed which was kept for many years.

As for the colony at Weymouth, some went south to Plymouth with Standish, others packed what little they had and sailed in the *Swan* to the

fishing stations along the bays on the coast of Maine.

And this was the end of the first colony of Weymouth.

Hardly had the Pilgrims come to see how sweet peace was again, when a new danger beset them.

The summer sun poured down its hot rays for six long weeks without a drop of moisture. The earth turned to dust, the brooks ran dry, the leaves on the trees curled and withered, and the corn that had come up, wilted and turned yellow.

The people were in great distress ; but they still had faith that God would not desert them. They gathered into the meeting-house and prayed earnestly for rain. A few Indians who chanced to be present, heard what they were praying for, and rose from their seats to stand in the door and watch the effect of the prayers on the sky. Black clouds began to appear overhead, and soon the rain poured down in torrents.

The drooping blades of corn revived. The trees put forth new leaf, and all nature joined the patient Pilgrims in a song of praise.

The news of these Christian prayers spread among the Indians along the coast, and did much to restore the good name which the white men

had lost through the bad behavior of the traders at Weymouth.

But while the young corn was flourishing in the fields, the supply of old corn became smaller and smaller day by day, until it was reduced to a pint, and the governor distributed five grains to each person. This was all the Pilgrims had to eat, except shell-fish and wild game.

The children were pale and crying for food, when fishermen from Maine put in at the harbor, and sold provisions enough to last till the bountiful harvest.

CHAPTER XIX.

MERRYMOUNT.

WHILE the Pilgrims in Plymouth were struggling for bread, Captain John Smith's pamphlet about this wonderful Land of the Bays, was exciting more and more interest. "Of all the four parts of the world that I have seen," wrote Smith, "I would rather live here than anywhere else." He told the people of England about the shoals of cod in this region; and in 1622 as many as thirty-five ships came to New England to fish. The Plymouth merchants, who claimed all the country, appealed to King James to forbid fishing without the permission of their company. But the busy fishermen said that the sea was free, and one might as well try to keep them from breathing air or drinking water, as from taking draughts of fish in the boundless waters of the New England bays.

So they kept on coming, and their vessels sailed back into every port of Europe, laden with the fish they had caught and dried on the coast.

The fishing stations of Portsmouth and Dover were built on the strawberry bank of the Piscata-

qua in New Hampshire, and clusters of rude houses thatched with bark, were scattered along the coast of Maine.

Farther south, at Cape Ann and along the winding curves of Massachusetts Bay, fishing posts stood, like lighthouses, where a busy trade was carried on.

Besides these fishermen and common tradespeople, many of the gentry of England came to the New World in search of adventure.

"What a field for the angler," they cried, "where a dozen different varieties of fish would bite the hook in one lazy summer afternoon.

"What a change from the falcon and hounds, to plunge into the gloomy forests, where strange beasts lie in ambush for the juicy white meat of an Englishman!"

And so the wilds of America became as fascinating to the sportsmen of Europe, as the jungles of India are to-day.

In 1625 Thomas Morton, a young lawyer of fine family, and some boon companions, crossed the sea to get all the enjoyment they could out of the New World, and at the same time make their fortunes in the fur trade. They built cabins at Mount Wallaston, at the mouth of a winding stream, which emptied into Boston Bay. It was an ideal

spot. Out in the bay lay beautiful islands abounding in shell-fish, and beyond the beach wide stretches of meadow sloped up to hill and forest, bringing game within easy flight of an arrow.

To the south, in plain view from the hill, stood the lonely blockhouse of Weymouth.

But these young fellows learned no lessons from the ruins of Weymouth, and proceeded to live in a very reckless fashion, indeed.

They laughed gayly at the "brethren" of Plymouth, and declared that life was too short to spend so much time in praying and keeping the ten commandments.

They called their settlement "Merrymount," and cut down a giant pine-tree, eighty feet high, for a May-pole.

Such a high pole had never been seen in old England, and to show the giant of the forest due respect, they brought it into camp with great ceremony, firing off the guns and pistols, blowing the horns and shouting like madmen. When the revelers had set the pole up, they wound it with garlands of sweet, wild flowers, and pasted on rhymes about May-day and Flora, the Queen of the May.

They drank ale and rum until their heads were light, and then called in the neighboring Indians

to help them drink more. They drew the "lasses in beaver coats" into a dance, and the whole company whirled about the May-pole in great glee. When the Pilgrims heard of these merry makings, they were greatly grieved. They thought dancing was wicked, and celebrating May-day was a heathenish custom.

But they soon had reason to fear that worse things than these might happen. Merrymount became the meeting-place of wild fishermen and reckless rabble along the whole New England coast.

Morton and his friends were anxious to make their fortunes as quickly as possible, and sold the Indians all the rum they wanted.

So the post became the great centre of trade. The bay was full of canoes laden with the furs of the otter, the martens, the black wolf and other rare animals.

Cargoes of beaverskins were bought for almost nothing, and sold in London at ten shillings a pound.

But rum was not making money fast enough, and so they began to teach the Indians how to charge muskets and fire them. So eager were the red men to possess the thunder, that they paid twenty times what the firearms were worth.

And soon the Plymouth people met them rang-

ing through the woods, shooting at every object they met.

When Governor Bradford remonstrated with Morton for this, he received an impudent answer, and the selling of firearms continued until all the little English settlements of Massachusetts Bay met together, and petitioned Plymouth to help put down the troublesome neighbors.

Governor Bradford again sent a remonstrance to the "Sachem" of Merrymount, and was again met with defiance.

Then Captain Miles Standish, with his eight picked men, was sent up to Boston Bay to administer justice.

Morton was arrested, but escaped in the night from his guards, and fled under cover of a violent storm to the blockhouse, where he barricaded the windows and doors, and prepared to defend himself.

In the end he was seized and sent to England for trial.

Many months later he returned to America, and, for various misdemeanors, was set in the stocks in one of the colonies; and the Indians, "the poor, silly lambs," as he called them, came to gaze at their old boon companion, and wondered how he had ever been brought so low.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PURITANS.

Besides the Pilgrims, who had set up a church of their own, there were many people in England called Puritans, who still belonged to the Established Church, but did not wish to conform to all its ceremonies.

So these, too, dared the dangers of the sea, and sought homes in America.

They planted towns along the curving shores of Massachusetts Bay, and on a peninsula of three low-browed hills, held to the coast by a narrow neck of marshland; they laid out the capital city of Boston, with John Winthrop as governor.

They had brought cattle, horses, plows, machinery, seeds, fruit-trees and all needful things to develop the new country.

And soon Salem, Charlestown, Dorchester, Watertown, Roxbury, Lynn and other little Puritan towns, sent delegates to Boston to make laws for the commonweal of all.

Hunger, disease and death visited the settlements; but the brave pioneers built their houses

and mills, planted vineyards and orchards, and marched straight on in the paths where duty seemed to lead them.

They made peace with the Indians. Chickatabit, chief of the Massachusetts, who paid tribute to Massasoit, visited Governor Winthrop, accompanied by his bravest warriors and their wives, to make a treaty of alliance against the hostle Tarratines of Maine.

But the very next year, a hundred Tarratine braves paddled up the Merrimac under cover of the night, fell upon a village of the Massachusetts Indians, and killed several before they were frightened away by the alarm of the English guns.

An embassy from the Mohegans on the Connecticut river, came to beg that a settlement be made on their beautiful river.

Then Miantonomo, of the great nation of the Narragansetts, came in state to Boston to form an alliance with Winthrop.

The governor received him in his own home and dined with him, which pleased him greatly. Miantonomo went to meeting, and while he was listening to the long sermon and noting how the white men worshiped, three of his warriors broke into a dwelling and stole several articles.

It was a difficult matter to induce the chief to

whip the culprits, and very soon after there were rumors that the Narragansetts were plotting mischief.

Now there was very little cause for the Indians to make trouble with the colonies of New England.

All the land upon which they settled had been bought, and the Massachusetts Bay Company had written to the governor, "We pray you to be careful that there be none in our precincts permitted to do any injury in the least kind to the heathen people." Of course, some of the traders were dishonest.

Even the wide ocean could not keep all the rascals from this new world.

Some way or other, the chaff would come over with the wheat in the grain bags; and the wicked found a berth with the good on every ship; but the laws of the colonies were very severe against those doing wrong to the Indians.

In the colonial records is written: "It is agreed that Sir Richard Saltonstall shall give Indian John a hogshead of corn for the hurt his cattle did him in the corn."

Another Englishman was ordered to be severely whipped for theft upon the Indians, branded with a hot iron, and then banished.

When smallpox ravaged the natives, the Pil-

grims of Plymouth were much afraid of the infection. But hearing the pitiful cries of the sufferers, they brought wood and water, and cooked food for them while they lived, and buried them decently when they died. But there was always a feeling of distrust between the two races that now dwelt together in the Land of the Bays. No doubt, the Indians dimly realized that the white men were crowding them out of their hunting-grounds.

The old familiar sounds of the forests were hushed by the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep and the sharp neighing of the strange horses.

The forests were being cut down and the streams dammed up.

They gazed with astonishment at the plowman who tore up more ground in a day than their clamshells could scrape up in a month. They looked with awe on the windmills, as they whisked around in the air, biting the corn into meal.

And while they wondered over the many inventions, and gazed wistfully at the strange things they could not understand, there must have been some who were wise enough to see how it all would end.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NARRAGANSETTS AND THE PEQUODS.

THE settlements of the white men kept on spreading.

Edward Winslow became governor of Plymouth; and, hearing of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, he sailed around Cape Cod, past Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard and Mount Hope, where Massasoit dwelt, into the broad Connecticut river.

When he saw what a fair land this valley was, with its small streams and beaver villages, its meadows and forests and hillsides, he decided to plant a colony there. So he sent a blockhouse up the river, which soon became the centre of the little trading station of Windsor.

Then Weathersfield, Hartford and Saybrook, were founded on the Connecticut; and then some English crossed the Sound, where the periwinkles grew, and settled the east end of Long Island.

Now, almost all these new towns were built by people, who, for one reason or another, had left the older towns along the coast.

Perhaps the strongest reason of all was religious persecution.

You would hardly expect these Pilgrims and Puritans to persecute, when they themselves had fled from persecutions. But this they did; and among those who were obliged to seek a new home for this cause, was a handsome young minister, named Roger Williams.

He wandered about for weeks, in bitter winter weather, living on acorns and the roots of shrubs.

When at last he reached Mount Hope Neck, Massasoit found him, and led him to his wigwam; and when the warm breath of spring had melted the snows, the chieftain led the exile to a beautiful spot by the side of a dancing brook. "Here is your home," he said, "if you will dwell among my people." The young preacher learned how to plant corn, and had begun to build a house, when news came from Plymouth that he must move farther away.

So, with five faithful friends, he sought a home across the bay among the Narragansetts. As they paddled along the shore, pleasant voices called out, "*Wha-cheer*, *netop*?" "How are you, friends?" and they knew that they were welcome.

After greeting the Indians they passed on up the Narragansett river, and near a hill, where a sparkling spring gushed forth, they founded the town of Providence.

In time Newport and Portsmouth were settled in this wonderful region of Narragansett Bay, which afterward became known as Rhode Island.

Now, as we have seen, the country along Massachusetts Bay, Cape Cod Bay and Buzzard's Bay, was almost free of Indians, on account of the plague; but west of Narragansett Bay there had been no plague, and thousands of Indians roamed over the valleys and hills of that region.

The Narragansetts were the money coiners, who made the wampum beads that passed for money everywhere.

They rounded and polished the periwinkle shells for the white beads, and cut the centre of the round clams for the black, which were worth twice as much as the white. The cutting was done with sharp-pointed stones, and was a long and tedious process. Few of the other Indians had the patience to make the wampum, and there was no spot in the Land of the Bays where the shell-fish was so abundant as where the Narragansetts dwelt.

So they became very powerful. They paid tribute to the Mohawks, and thus were free from attack; they ransomed their captives, they bought land, and were the most splendid of all the nations in wampum-embroidered garments.

They were very ambitious, and always wishing

for more land across the bay where Massasoit dwelt. Massasoit was too feeble to defend his land after the plague had carried away so many of his warriors, and was just about to be overcome, when the white men of Plymouth arrived to protect him. Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, sent the rattlesnake skin, bound about a bundle of arrows, as a declaration of war to these white men, but, as we know, the stuffing of powder and bullets frightened him into keeping the peace.

West of the Narragansetts were the Pequods. They were the most warlike of all the nations of New England, and were noted for their cruelty to captives.

Their sachem was Sassacus, and twenty-six chiefs paid him tribute. West of the Pequods, beyond the Connecticut river, were the Mohegans, whose sachem was Uncas, and just at this time the two nations were at war with each other.

So you can see the English, who had built along the Connecticut river, were between the Pequods on the east and the Mohegans on the west.

The Pequods had recently been making war upon the Narragansetts east of them, because Canonicus was very old, and Miantonomo, his nephew, who would succeed him as chief, was very young.

So Miantonomo and his young wife had made

the visit to Governor Winthrop in Boston, to seek alliance in case of another attack from his foes.

The alliance of the Puritans with the Narragansetts so enraged the Pequods that they attacked a small English vessel from Massachusetts and killed all the crew.

Sassacus straightway sent messengers to Boston to plead that the outrage was committed in self-defense, and asked an alliance with the English. He gave much wampum as a gift, and promised many beaver and otter skins as a tribute.

So peace was made, and Governor Winthrop induced the Pequods and the Narragansetts to bury their tomahawks. But now that he no longer feared his old enemies, Sassacus permitted many outrages against English traders. At last he went with his warriors to the Narragansetts, to induce them to join him in exterminating the white men from Connecticut. "These strangers," he said, "are robbing us of our hunting-grounds. They will destroy us one by one. Let us be friends, and unite against them. Let us fire upon them from ambush. Let us lay waste their harvests, and starve those whom we do not slay with our knives."

The colonies realized how desperate the situation would be, if these two powerful nations united against them.

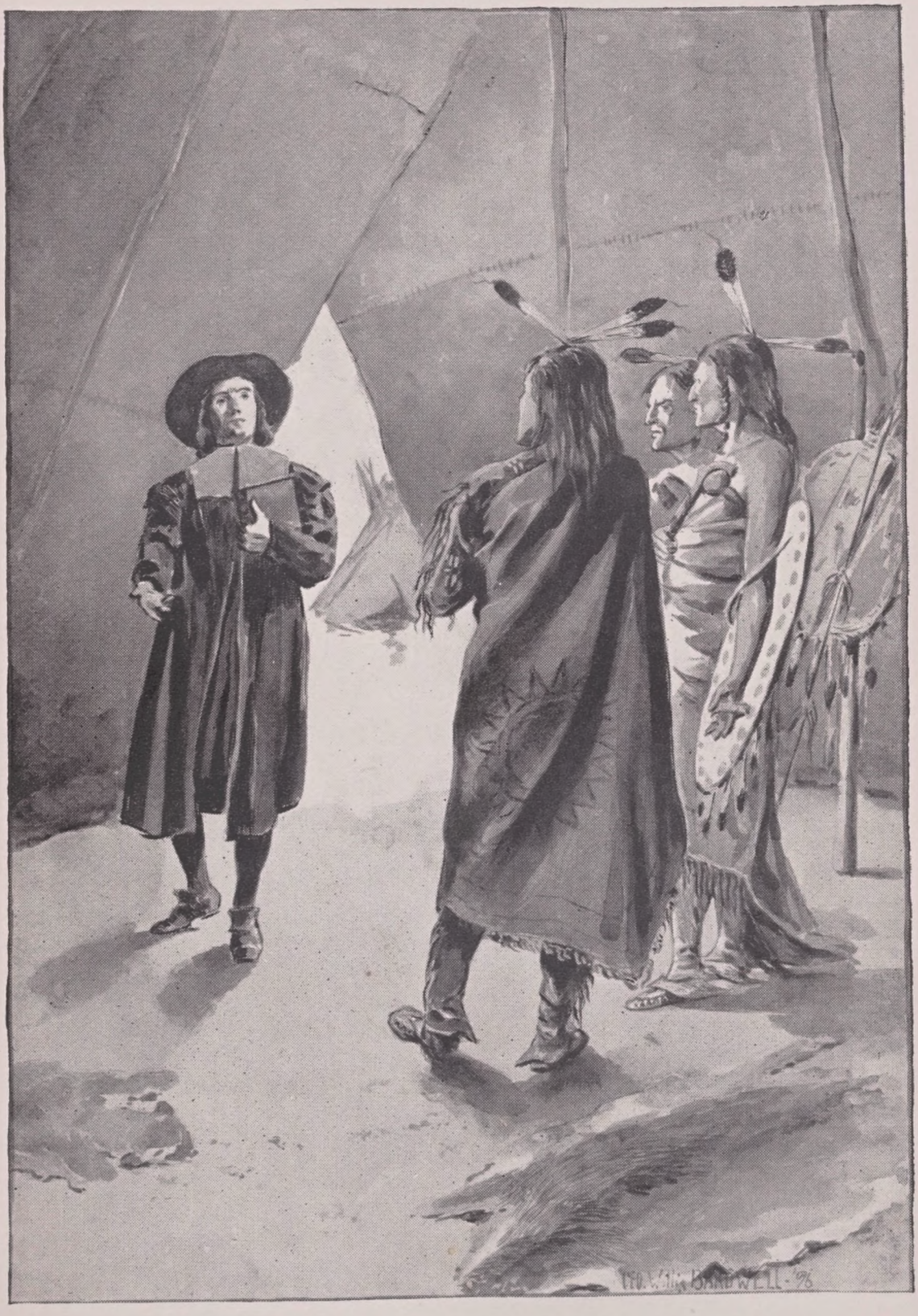
There was only one man who could prevent this alliance, and that was Roger Williams. So messengers were sent to implore him to visit Canonicus, and persuade him to keep his pledges with the English. The young exile forgot his personal injuries, and set out on the dangerous journey. He crossed over a rough sea, and traveled many miles through forests alive with foes. When, at last, he reached the village of the Narragansetts, he found the Pequods still urging war.

He spoke to the aged Canonicus in his own language, and urged him to be true to his treaty with the white men. He knew much of the past history of the two tribes, and for three days argued the case like a lawyer before his jury.

He pictured the wrongs that the Pequods had brought upon the Narragansetts, and so inflamed the savage passions for revenge, that in the end Canonicus handed back the war belt. Sassacus left the wigwam in a towering rage, vowing destruction on the white men.

Soon after this, the Narragansetts entered into a league with the Puritans in the meeting-house in Boston, before all the magistrates and elders.

It was the signal of their own doom. If they had united with the Pequods against the white men, they might have brought five thousand war-



ROGER WILLIAMS PLEADS WITH CANONICUS.

riors into the field, and driven the white men forever from their valley.

But the Pequods now stood alone to fight their last battle. Their pipe of peace had been smoked for the last time in the Valley of the Connecticut.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PEQUOD WAR.

When Sassacus, chief of the Pequods, found himself alone in his war with the English, he built two strong forts, one on the bank of the Mystic river, and the other six miles farther west. Into these he gathered the warriors, squaws and children, and prepared to fight to the bitter end.

Meanwhile no Englishman was safe in the Pequod country.

Fishermen were seized, their hands and feet cut off, and then left to die. Many outrages were committed which are too horrible even to mention.

At last a band of Pequods attacked Weathersfield on the Connecticut, killed nine men and carried off two girls.

There was no time now to wait for the aid promised from Plymouth and Boston.

Captain John Mason, who had once fought the Spaniards and was a gallant officer, sailed down from Hartford to Saybrook, with ninety Connecticut soldiers and seventy Mohegan braves. They were followed by the defiant shouts of some Pequod

warriors who, in war-paint and feathers, stood on the banks of the river.

At Saybrook they met Captain John Underhill, with twenty men from Massachusetts. Twenty of the Connecticut men were then sent back to protect the settlements, and the rest sailed out into Long Island Sound. They had decided to surprise the Indians by an attack by land instead of by sea, so they steered east and passed the harbor where the Pequods were waiting for them in one of the forts.

When the warriors looked out over the water from their high, stockade fence, and saw the sails disappear in the distance, they leaped on the walls and shouted for joy.

"The white men are afraid! The white men have fled to Boston for safety!" they cried, and brandished the tomahawks whose sharp edges had struck such terror to the hearts of their foes.

But the little fleet kept on its course, and sailed out of the Sound to the west shore of Narragansett Bay, where Canonicus of the Narragansetts dwelt.

Ambassadors waited on the old chief, who received them as he sat on the floor surrounded by his nobles.

He listened gravely to Captain Mason while he explained the plan for surprise of the Pequod forts; and, when Mason had finished speaking, said the

plan looked well on its face ; but the Pequods were a powerful nation, the most cruel of all to their captives, and he did not want to risk the lives of his men in such an uncertain enterprise ; if the English wished, they might pass through his territory, but they must not expect help from his warriors.

So the line of march began, and soon small bands of the Narragansetts began to join the ranks, until about two hundred had formed an escort. They walked in front and boasted what they would do when they reached the fort ; but as they came near the stream of water which formed the boundary line between the two nations, they began to show fear, and many turned back.

The English continued on their way with their faithful Mohegan allies, under the sachem Uncas, and on the evening of the second day, came within two miles of the nearest Pequod fort.

Here they halted for the night. Sentinels were posted. The wearied soldiers threw themselves on the ground, and were soon asleep. The heat of the summer night was tempered by the cool breezes from the sea. The full moon shone softly down on bush and rocks and shimmering water, while these soldiers slumbered in the very jaws of death.

Before daybreak Captain Mason awoke his men

and, offering up prayer for help, the little band hurried on to the attack.

The fort stood on the brow of a hill. It was a high stockade fence, enclosing about seventy wigwams covered with thatch and matting.

Within, the warriors were sleeping. Almost all night they had feasted. "These English are squaws!" they cried, "We are the Pequods, and kill English like mosquitoes." Then they shrieked and groaned and imitated the wretched colonists whom they had tortured. And now, after their revels, they were sleeping like conquerors.

A dog ran howling into a wigwam, and "*Owanux*! *Owanux*!" "The English! The English!" rang out on the air. They sprang from their couches only to meet the English at their doorways.

Each captain, with his men, had come in at an opening, and surrounded the wigwams of the stockade to prevent escape.

There was a fierce hand-to-hand struggle, and then the Pequods fled back to their tents.

"Burn them!" shouted Mason. He seized a brand from a fire, and set the light mats in a blaze; Underhill laid a train of powder, and the winds from the northeast lent aid to the awful destruction.

Those of the unhappy victims who did not per-

ish in the flames, fell on the swords of the English. Powwows, warriors, women, children—all went down together, and for a few short moments the screams and groans of the dying mingled with the boom of the muskets, the crackling of the leaping flames and the loud commands of the captains.

Then all was still. The horrible work was over. Six hundred Pequods lay dead on the field.

Two of the English were killed and several wounded.

There was no time to linger over the ghastly scene. At any moment recruits might come ; for some Indians had escaped to spread the news.

The wounded and dead were being carried rapidly toward the harbor below, when three hundred Pequods from the other fort appeared, They attacked the troops and fought as best they could. But Indians seldom fight in open battle, and the noise of the guns confused them. They ran wildly about, shooting at random ; they aimed high and watched the effect of each arrow before they shot another, and were soon put to flight. Then they gathered on a hill which overlooked the still burning stockade, and, when they saw the charred and blackened corpses, they tore their hair, stamped on the ground, and, with the fury of demons, rushed down again on the English ; but again they were

put to flight. The troops returned to their waiting ships, and sailed away to their homes.

Meanwhile, the routed band of Pequods hurried to the western fort to tell Sassacus of the destruction of his people.

The remnant of the doomed nation held a long and fierce debate whether they would attack the Narragansetts, or fall upon the English, or flee to some distant tribes for protection.

In grief and shame they decided to flee. So they burned the fort with all the supplies they could not carry, and started on their journey.

After a night of weary march, the little band stood at sunrise on a high hill to view, for the last time, their lost hunting-grounds.

Below them stretched the famous valley where two winding streams united to form the Thames, one flowing with placid surface from between high cliffs, the other foaming and fretting in its rocky bed, as it hurried to join the river which empties into the sea.

Here and there ran tiny streams where beaver villages perched like beehives in the distance.

Forests of oak and walnut lay scattered like islands among the meadows where stalked the deer and the antelope.

Murmurs of cataracts mingled with the songs of

the birds, and breezes from the sea caught the fragrance of the blossoms in the valley, and wafted their incense upward to greet the rosy dawn.

Ah, it was sweet, this native land! Stern and sorrowful, the group of exiles lingered a moment on the hill, and then disappeared behind the cliffs. They wandered on, hiding by day in the swamps, and stealing like hunted beasts through the forest by night.

Some perished on the way, some were taken captive and sold as slaves, and some were adopted into neighboring tribes.

Sassacus and five of his companions were slain by the Mohawks, and their scalps were sent to the English at Hartford.

The English had destroyed the Pequods forever.

At the time, there seemed nothing else to do to save the lives of the settlers. But if the dear old pastor, who now lay in the little Puritan churchyard of Leyden, had known of this war with the Pequods, he would have said again: "Would that you had converted some before you killed any."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MIANTONOMO.

The hunting-grounds, which the Pequods had deserted, skirted on Long Island Sound, and stretched toward the north in lovely hills and deep forests where game was very abundant.

The Narragansetts and the Mohegans fell into violent disputes over the possession of these lands; and the English might have easily set them at each other's throats, and thus been rid of both.

But instead of urging them to war, the English persuaded them to make a treaty of peace; and both nations pledged not to make war on each other without the consent of the colonies.

In spite of their promises, there could be no peace.

The scouts of the Narragansetts prowled among the rocks and ravines around the Thames, and awaited, with impatience, the hour when they might fall upon their rivals.

It was said that Miantonomo, the young chief of the Narragansetts, hired an assassin to slay Uncas of the Mohegans.

Miantonomo denied this, and said that Uncas had cut himself with a flint and had made up the story.

The quarrels waxed hotter and hotter, until one day in September, 1643, when he thought his foes busy in the corn-fields, Miantonomo planned a brilliant surprise.

But Uncas was a wary chieftain. His scouts were posted day and night on the top of Fort Hill, which overlooked his enemies, and canoes lay ready in the ravine below.

When the foes came in sight, a sentinel sprang from his hiding-place and glided swiftly down the Thames with the news.

In a few moments three or four hundred Mohegans were on the march.

They halted when they heard that the Narragansetts had crossed the fords of the Yantic, and soon saw them coming down the hillside toward the plain. Both parties drew up in battle array. Miantonomo wore a helmet and corslet, and many of his warriors carried muskets, and were dressed in English fashion.

Uncas threw up his hands and advanced toward the enemy. Miantonomo did the same.

"Let us fight it out together in single combat," said Uncas. "If you kill me, my men and all my

lands shall be yours. If I kill you, your men and all your lands shall be mine."

But Miantonomo had great faith in his coat of mail, and in the new muskets his warriors carried; so he said, "My men have come to fight, and they shall fight."

Then Uncas dropped to the ground as a signal, and a shower of arrows fell. Swift as the wind the bowmen followed the arrows, and routed the foe with their tomahawks. Over the river at the shallows they fled through tangled forests and rushing torrents.

Meanwhile, Miantonomo was shackled by his awkward armor. He attempted to flee, and was caught by two of his own men, who dragged him to Uncas and basely surrendered him.

This chief was so enraged at their perfidy, that he struck both dead at his feet. Then his whoops of victory recalled his men from their pursuit. The proud captive sat down on the ground without a word or glance at his victor.

"If you had taken me," said Uncas, "I should have begged you for my life."

But the chief of the Narragansetts made no reply.

He was taken to Hartford as a prisoner of Uncas, and left there to be disposed of as the English saw fit.

Now, there had long been rumors that this Miantonomo was plotting against the English.

The Mohawks had said he visited their villages on the Hudson with a hundred of his bravest warriors, to urge them to go on the warpath against the English.

There was the most convincing proof that he had been at the head of a plan to massacre all the Palefaces.

But this was not the charge upon which Miantonomo had his trial.

He was tried for attempts on the life of Uncas, and a sudden attack on the Mohegans, contrary to a pledge given in the presence of the English.

By the laws of Indian warfare, he was already condemned to death.

It was decided by the judges that the life of Uncas would be unsafe if the captive were set free.

He was delivered to Uncas, to be put to death without torture.

Now, there was reason to make this condition, that the death should be without torture.

The Mohegans were noted for cruelty to captives. In the expedition against the Pequods, Uncas and his warriors had been given one prisoner to be put to death, and they tortured, roasted, and ate him!

When he had received his victim, Uncas led him forth, and with several warriors and two English guards, took him to the very spot where he had been made prisoner, near the present city of Norwich.

Here the procession halted ; a brother of Uncas stepped behind Miantonomo and struck him on the head with a hatchet.

He was buried where he fell, and the place to this very day is called Sachem Plain. There lay the proud chieftain between two solitary white oak-trees. In the distance were rocky heights of stunted hemlocks, and the falling waters of the Yantic sang a never-ceasing dirge.

Every September, for many years, the Narragansetts came to the grave to lament the loss of their sachem ; and none came without bringing a stone, so that in time a high monument was reared, which might be seen for many miles away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DUTCH AND THE FRENCH.

Now, while the English were stretching out their boundary lines along the bays of New England, the Dutch, from Holland, were settling along the Hudson river to the west of them.

Strange to say, these two peoples did not agree so well in America, where there was plenty of room, as they had done in the crowded, little town of Leyden.

The Dutch claimed all the land on both sides of the Hudson river, because Henry Hudson had discovered that river while on a voyage for the East India Company.

The great navigator told the merchants that he had never seen anything half so beautiful as this river in America, and said that a fine fur trade might be carried on there.

Then Dutch ships sailed up the Hudson with powder, shot, hatchets and beads, to trade for the furs of the Indians. One blockhouse was built where Albany now stands, and called Fort Orange, and another was built on Manhattan Island, and called New Amsterdam.

Soon many ships brought thrifty burghers and their wives; and, in time, New Amsterdam grew into a quaint little city of wooden houses, with high gable ends of red and black tiles, after the fashion of houses in Holland.

The island of Manhattan, where this little city stood, was guarded on the east by a whirlpool, which even the Indians feared to pass; and on the west stood the bristling guns of a fort.

To the north of the island, on both sides of the Hudson, the country was a paradise for hunters and trappers, abounding in deer, elk, beaver, and wild fowl.

To the west was Staten Island, and between the two islands lay the placid bay, where ships sailed in and out in busy quest of trade.

To the south of Manhattan, across an arm of the sea, lay Long Island. The Dutch settled the west end of this island, and were soon snapping their fingers at the English from Connecticut, who had settled the east end of it.

The soil of the whole region claimed by the Dutch was fine. There were forests of red and white oak, walnuts, chestnuts and hazel. Violets and roses filled the air with perfume, and herbs and roots abounded, which, the Indians said, would cure every known disease.

Sand bars and shoals lured whales and seals during winter, and oysters and periwinkles abounded in all the coves of the coast.

At first the Dutch had trouble with the Indians, and many a stout burgher was scalped, but they soon bought up the lands, and built forts to defend them, and in time the Indians gave pledges of peace.

They explored all the country between Cape Henlopen and Cape Cod, and called it New Netherlands. Then they planted a trading station on the Connecticut river. So there these Dutch were, like a thorn in the side of the English. But their settlement on the Connecticut did not prosper. The Puritans made shrewder bargains than anyone would have believed such pious people could make.

They had the east end of Long Island and some of the best points along the Connecticut river, with the strong fort of Saybrook at its mouth.

At length, after many quarrels, a boundary line was agreed upon between the two nations, which divided Long Island, and passed north between Connecticut and New York.

How this ever happened without the use of muskets, no one seems to know.

Washington Irving declares that the Dutch did not like the smell of onions. So the Yankees planted

their rows of onions a little farther west every year, and the Dutchmen retired with tears in their eyes!

But even after the division of the land, there was rivalry in the fur trade with the Indians.

The jolly Dutchmen dandled the pappooses and made themselves so popular, that business was always brisk.

But the Dutch were not the only troublesome neighbors of the English. There stood the French, on the north, to take away trade.

Montreal and Quebec on the St. Lawrence river, and Port Royal in Nova Scotia, were flourishing posts for fisheries and furs.

At certain seasons of the year, the French sent their vessels along the coast of Maine to trade with the Tarratines, who had always been hostile to the English. Hundreds of Indian trappers carried their packs of furs over rivers and through fens, to the waiting French ships. They pitched their bark tents along the beautiful harbors of Maine; and, after the dances, songs and feasts were over, they returned home, laden with trinkets, hatchets and guns.

The English in the scattered settlements along the coasts of New Hampshire and Maine, were in constant fear of an attack from the French and their Indian allies, and soon placed themselves under the protection of Massachusetts.

But greater than the dangers from the Dutch or the French, was the danger from their own Indian allies.

They were always at war with one another, and so it was impossible to keep peace with them all. The Pequods were no more, but the Narragansetts, the Mohegans, and all the New England tribes, seemed ready at any time to break faith with the white men.

An Indian creeping through the outskirts of the forest at daybreak might be the signal for the coming of a whole band on the warpath; a gift passed from one chief to another was, perhaps, a compact for war.

And so there was great need for the feeble English settlements to form the United Colonies of New England, as a defense against their common foes.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE UNITED COLONIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

In 1643, the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven, joined together in a confederation called the United Colonies of New England. A General Assembly was formed of two delegates from each colony, which was to make laws for the public welfare.

Maine and New Hampshire were at that time a part of Massachusetts, and had a few straggling settlements along the coast.

Rhode Island desired admission to the confederation, but ever since the exile, Roger Williams, planted Providence, the country around Narragansett Bay had been the home of people with hobbies, and so it was thought best by the sister colonies to put Rhode Island on probation, before taking her into the Union.

Under the new union each colony had its governor as before ; and when the delegates met at Boston they elected a president.

About fifty thousand English-speaking people now dwelt on the shores of the beautiful rivers

and bays. They seemed contented and happy in their new homes, and said that a sup of New England's air was better than a whole draught of old English ale. There was no time to grieve for the friends across the sea. Work began before sunrise and ended when candles were snuffed out.

The women cooked, tended hens, geese and calves, scoured the brass warming-pans and pewter dishes, spun yarns, and wove them into cloth, and pieced quilts. But the Indians called these white women "lazie squaes," when they saw them embroidering, instead of hoeing in the fields, as their own wives did.

The children were never idle. The "chores" kept them busy most of the time, and when an idle moment came, there were the samplers for the girls to work in verses and letters of the alphabet; there were traps for the boys to set, and flocks to watch from the prowling wolves. Many an exciting story was told of how "the wolves sat on their tayles and grinned" at them from the cover of the forest.

The men were their own carpenters, coopers and blacksmiths, and were kept busy from morning till night.

In early spring, the herrings were to be pickled and dried, and hung in strings in the barn loft, the

sheep were to be sheared, the corn to be planted, the gardens to be tended.

In autumn, the salt grass was to be cut, the rye was to be threshed with the flail, the shell-fish to be gathered, the cider to be cared for.

In winter there were fences to make, nails to hammer, bullets to mould, and timber to cut on the decrease of the moon.

These forefathers of ours had great faith in the moon. They would plant and reap, set hens and shear sheep, when the signs were right by the moon.

They were in such constant fear of the Indians, that they kept close to the sea and soon became ship-builders and traders.

Farmers built scows for transporting wood, and sloops for freighting it to market; and crafts with one and two masts for fishing and whaling.

The launch of a vessel, from the woods where it had been built, was a great event.

It was loaded on wheels, and hauled by oxen to the landing-place, where the wheels were run out into the water till the vessel floated off.

At the time of the union of the colonies, there had been five large vessels built, besides one hundred and ninety-two smaller sloops for the coasting trade; and an export trade had been commenced.

Fish and furs, corn, cattle, butter, turpentine, pitch and tar, were sent in home-made vessels to the sister colonies of Virginia and Maryland.

Home-made vessels carried to England, fish cured with salt made from the sea. They sailed to the Bermudas for potatoes, cotton and sugar, and then spread their sails to carry their cargoes into the ports of Spain, to bring back the luxuries of Europe.

At first, there was a great lack of money for the home trade. Then Indian wampum was used. The beads could be easily divided up, and were convenient.

About the time of the Pequod war, some of the colonies made the law that bullets should pass as money, and the casting of bullets kept everybody busy.

Until this time there had been little travel between the settlements.

There was no road between Plymouth and Boston.

A Pilgrim took a boat to Weymouth, and then followed an Indian trail, in and out among the salt marshes, to Boston.

One dignified alderman lost his way, and wandered three days and nights without food, and returned home at last with his clothes nearly torn off by the underbrush.

The trail was so difficult to trace, that, after a time, trees were cut down to make a bridle-path ; then a tax was laid on the colonies to improve the travel, and many good roads were built through the hills and over hollows, and bridges were thrown across streams, which, a few years before, had been forded on the shoulders of the Indians.

At this time, almost every town had its church, fort and prison.

Many of the houses in the larger towns were brick or stone ; but most of the people were content with log cabins of one or two rooms.

There was always a great fireplace at one end of the large room, where the mush kettle hung on a crane. When the men and boys brought in the back log for the fire, it was so heavy that the timbers and rafters fairly creaked with their footsteps. There were blocks of wood for children's seats at the corners of the fireplace, and a large settle, with a high back, kept off the cold air.

Tin candlesticks hung on nails over the chimney, and also bundles of catnip, herbs and roots, supposed to be cures for almost any disease.

The walls were adorned with raccoon and fox skins, lobster's and bear's claws.

Bundles of red peppers, strings of dried apples, sausages, and flitches of bacon, festooned the rafters.

The long clock hung in many homes, and the spinning-wheels stood in the corners.

There were a few precious books from dear Old England, among which was always the family Bible, with its records of births, marriages and deaths.

Of course in the best houses there was some show of rugs, and silver plate, and fine furniture.

And to a visitor from the country, Boston seemed a splendid city, with its brick houses and pleasant gardens. The streets were paved with cobble-stones, and crowded with hackney coaches, sedan chairs, and four-horse shays, in which the gentry rode, with negro slaves for drivers.

The gentry were dressed in embroidered coats, satin waistcoats, silk hose and wigs; some, like Winthrop, wore stiff ruffs, and some wore broad, flat collars. The ladies were gay in bright silks and gauze scarfs, and put black patches on their cheeks to improve their beauty.

All this citified splendor made the farmer or fisherman from a little country settlement feel very timid and ill at ease, as he walked up the crowded street, which led down to the wharf of the capital city. But when he saw a fine coach followed close by flocks of sheep, and ox-carts filled with cord-wood or hay, he began to feel more at home; and

BOSTON SEEMED A SPLENDID CITY.

when, behind the mincing lady of fashion, he saw rosy-cheeked farmers' wives in homespun, bringing baskets of butter and eggs, he stepped along as briskly as the next one; and when at last this backwoodsman found himself comfortably seated in the Bunch of Grapes tavern, with many others just like himself, and heard the latest news from Old England, he felt, as he sipped his ale, that there was nowhere in the world a city like Boston, and no nation quite so full of promise as the United Colonies of America.

Each town had its own selectmen to make laws, to exterminate foxes and crows, to protect oyster fishing, to look after yoking the hogs on the common, to see that bridges were built and marshes drained.

Then there was the constable, who was a very important personage, and carried a black staff, tipped with brass as a badge of his office.

He was always busy. The drunkards were to be found out, fined and flogged, and marked with a large red D. Liars were to be put in the stocks, scolds to be ducked in the ponds.

One man, who charged too much for making a pair of stocks, had the privilege of sitting an hour in them himself. It was death for a child to strike a parent, except in self-defense.

There were laws against wearing the hair long, or dressing too gayly, or laughing too loudly.

There were laws which made the bachelors so miserable, that they soon took wives in self-defense ; there were laws for widows, and laws for maids ; and of course the more laws there were, the busier the constable and the tithing-man were kept to see that these laws were obeyed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

In every village of Puritan New England, the minister was the most important personage.

Very few were honored with the title of Mr. or Mrs.; but the minister and his wife were always called Mr. and Mrs.

In church, the elders sat in great state just below the pulpit, facing the congregation, and the deacons sat a step lower, noting well any sign of laughing among the young folks. The men and women sat apart. The men who faced the minister wore long jackets, with a belt at the waist, and loose trousers reaching only to the knee, where they were tied, and coarse, square-toed shoes, adorned with enormous buckles. Their hair was combed straight back, and tied with black ribbon.

The women wore short gowns, stiff petticoats, and white aprons. The sleeves of the gowns were short, and long mittens came above the elbow. Their cloaks were short, with the hoods thrown back in meeting.

The boys and girls sat in separate places, sometimes on the gallery stairs, and sometimes on the

steps leading up to the pulpit, and were under the charge of the tithing-man.

Everybody had to sit very straight, and listen without a smile, or going once to sleep. The tithing-man carried a long rod, with a fox-tail on one end; and if a man or a boy was so unlucky as to fall asleep, he rapped him over the head with the hard end, but when a girl or a woman nodded, he tickled her face with the soft, furry end.

The Sabbath day began at six o'clock on Saturday evening, when the people became sour and sad. All work was laid aside, and the old Bible was brought out, to prepare the family for the devotions of the morrow. On Sabbath, each man appeared to have lost his best friend. The town records show fines for combing a wig on Sabbath, and humming a tune, and walking too fast.

The rolling of wheels through the streets, was a great breach of respect to the Lord's day; and Samuel Brown, of Norwich, was fined for riding in a chaise to meeting; some one else was fined for running into church when it rained.

Next to the meeting-house was the school. There were many highly-educated men in New England, who had brought libraries with them, and were determined that their children should have good educations.

In almost every town a school was established, which should be free for the rich and the poor alike.

The little log school-house had a wide fireplace, and windows with oiled paper, instead of glass windows.

And on the rude benches, hacked by many a jack-knife, sat the "hopes of the future" with shining, morning faces. They were clad in the linsey-woolsey, which their mothers had spun.

The young men and young women were in the far end of the room, and the smallest children sat near the teacher, and studied aloud, to be sure they were learning their lessons aright.

The birch rod was thought a great help in getting the lessons, and hung on the wall over the teacher's seat.

The primers were religious rhymes, and the readers were Bibles.

It was not unusual for a little five-year-old to quote Scriptures, like the preacher himself, and as for catechism, if any child did wrong, it was from sheer wickedness, because he had learned every step of the way to be good ; so there was no excuse for the culprit, and he was punished accordingly.

The teachers were paid in corn, or barley, or other produce from the farms.

Each child was required to furnish, through his parents, a cord of wood, and if this were not brought, he was not allowed to sit near enough to the fire to keep warm.

Because of the openings between the logs, the room was always very cold, except near the fire. So there sat the delinquent, off by himself, his little body covered with goose-flesh, and his toes stiff, under the frozen leather.

This seems a very strict rule; but wood was everywhere to be had for the getting, and idleness was despised by these people of New England.

You will remember how the Puritans cut down the May-pole at Merrymount, and refused to celebrate May-day, because it was a festival of the heathen. They also refused to call the days of the week as we do, because the names had been taken from the heathen gods. So they called Sunday, First-day, Monday, Second-day, and so on.

There were always more fast days than feast days.

There were fasts, to ward off pests in the grain, and withering droughts, and killing frosts, and attacks from the Indians.

But there were also thanksgiving days for the blessings received; and sometimes the New World

was compared to the Land of Goshen, to which they had escaped from bondage, like the Israelites of old.

There was an abundance of maize, and all grains and vegetables flourished.

Fruit-trees were much improved over the varieties they had brought with them to plant.

Besides the thanksgiving days, there were other times when the Puritans were merry.

There were fishing-parties, when the fish came up the rivers from the sea; there were husking-bees, when the corn was ripe; and log-rollings, when all the neighbors helped to build a new house; there were spelling-schools, and quilting-bees, and strawberry and raspberry-pickings among the rocky glens and pastures.

Dancing was forbidden, but no laws in the world could keep young feet from tripping nimbly in and out among the trees in the nutting season, when the joyous laugh resounded through the autumn forest.

On training-day, there was a great muster of men from sixteen to sixty for drill. The arms were muskets, swords and pikes. The muskets had match-locks, or flint-locks, and a rest for taking aim. Pikes were ten feet long, and the tallest men were always chosen to carry these. There were

twice as many musketeers as pikemen. There was no regular uniform. Some wore corslets of steel, and some thick wadded coats of cotton. Some wore beaver hats, and some felt hats, and some caps knit by their sisters or sweethearts.

Training-day was a holiday for everybody, and generally came around once a month. There was a great baking, and an extra setting of traps for a feast.

The women and children were proud of their soldiers with weapons of all sizes and shapes, and followed them along the line of march with baskets of gingerbread and bottles of harmless drinks.

Sometimes prizes were offered for the best shot on these occasions. A dummy was set up, and whoever hit the spot most likely to kill, was awarded the medal; but there was often much dispute as to where the fatal spot, in a dummy, might be!

"Put right hands to fire-lock! Put gun on left shoulder! Hoo!" shouted the captain, as he manœuvered his men on the green.

Many a boy learned in this target practice, to speed straight his bullet.

And you will find that in the years to come there was need of skill at arms.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRAYING TOWNS.

An Indian erect with an arrow in his right hand, and the motto, "Come over and help us," that was the seal of the colony of Massachusetts.

But until the confederation of the colonies, the English were busy hewing out their homes in the wilderness, and did little to civilize the Indians.

Just about that time Thomas Mayhew purchased Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, where several tribes of Indians dwelt.

His young son, Thomas, formed the plan of educating and converting the Indians. So he built houses, collected the natives about him, and commenced his missionary work.

Hiacoomes was his first convert; but it was with much tribulation that this warrior remained true to the faith.

One chief jeered at him and called him "Englishman," which was enough to wound an Indian who had any pride at all. Another told him it was madness, for a brave with a wife, to break with the old religion. What would he do if his family

fell sick, and the powwow of the village refused to help them? Another told him it was infamous to barter thirty-seven gods for one.

This last troubled Hiacoomes greatly, until the Rev. Mayhew convinced him that his one God was worth all the Indian gods put together.

Several schools and churches were established on the islands, and in a few years over a thousand Indians professed to be Christians.

When, at last, the devoted young missionary embarked for England to seek aid in his work, his ship was lost at sea, and he was never seen again.

Meanwhile, John Eliot, of Roxbury, had learned the Indian language, that he might preach to the heathen.

But in all his labors with the Indians, Eliot was opposed by the powwows. These powwows, or medicine men, were fast losing their hold on the tribes of the Massachusetts, and used all their arts to prevent the spread of the new religion.

So Eliot took his converts from the gibes of their companions, and laid out the town of Natick, on the Charles river near Boston, and soon there were four hundred Christians in Natick. They built a fort, a church, and their own houses.

The women were taught to spin, weave, cook

and keep house. The men learned to cultivate the orchards, and to sow the small grain.

They followed the long furrows with endless delight, and were very proud of their advanced methods, in spite of the jeering taunts from the unconverted that the white men were turning them into squaws.

Other towns were built for the converts ; soon there were fourteen praying towns in Massachusetts.

Money was raised in England to buy the Indians clothing, books, and implements for work.

In summer they gathered, out under the trees, to hear the good Eliot tell about the white man's God. It was a pretty picture which they made in the shadow of the forest.

The women and children sat in a circle on the ground, and the warriors stood up, with arms folded across their chests.

Some wore the skins of beasts, and mantles of feathers, some bright, woolen blankets, and some were dressed like the English.

First they sang a hymn in all sorts of tunes, and prayer was offered. Then the little Indians stood within the circle, and after much twisting of half naked little red bodies, and much digging of toes in the ground, and many shy glances at their proud mothers, they answered the questions of the

catechism. No doubt the young rascals were only kept from pursuit of the squirrels, darting past them in the thickets, by their great awe of the white powwow.

After the catechism, questions were allowed. "Was it not strange," the warriors asked, "that the white man's God could be in Massachusetts, and in Connecticut, and in England across the sea, all at one and the same time? The great Manitou of the Indians could only be in one place at a time." "God was so used," they said, "to hearing the English pray, that He could well understand them; but was it likely that He was acquainted with the Indian language?"

To this question Mr. Eliot replied that God had made all things, and all men, not only English, but Indians; and having made them both, he understood them both.

He held up a beautiful basket, and said that the person who made the basket knew the different twigs in it, though others might not.

Sometimes the questions asked were very simple and foolish, and then the Indians themselves would call out, "That is a pappoose question!" which meant "Now you talk like a baby!" The colonists felt great pride in the new converts.

Governor Winthrop and others visited the pray-

ing towns, and wrote to friends in England of the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. Mr. Eliot determined to give them the Bible in their own language. First he printed a short catechism, and then he printed two hundred New Testaments, in the Algonquin language. He hoped, by this means, to convert all the tribes in New England.

But the greater part of the Indians held to the gods of their fathers.

The Narragansetts listened patiently, once a month, to Roger Williams, because they loved him ; but few were converted to his faith.

Massasoit remained always the friend of the white men ; but said the gods of the Wampanoags were good enough for him.

This great chief was now very old. He had kept all his pledges with the English.

He visited the governor at Plymouth every year. He also dressed himself in feathers, paints and wampum ; and, with an escort of splendid warriors, made a visit to Governor Winthrop in Boston.

Many interesting stories are told of Massasoit. Once, when Governor Winslow had been to Connecticut, he visited Massasoit on his way home ; and, when he was ready to set out on his journey again, the chief offered to be his guide through the forest.

Then he sent a swift courier in advance, who announced in Plymouth that the Governor was dead. The people mourned bitterly over the loss of the noble man.

But the next day, Massasoit brought Winslow into town, alive and well; and the sorrow was changed to rejoicing.

He then explained, that this was one of the customs of his tribe, in order to cause greater joy over the return of an absent friend.

One of the last acts of the noble Massasoit was, to bring his two oldest sons to Plymouth, that they might renew the pledges which he himself had made to the white men.

And then, in 1661, the honored old chieftain died, and was laid away to rest in the burial-ground of his royal race. He was true to his gods to the last.

A little corn was placed in the grave, to sustain him on the long journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. His musket, the much-prized red coat, and other presents from the white men, were laid by his side.

But it was the bow and arrow and tomahawk that he wanted close by his hand; for with these he would meet the warriors who had gone on before.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

KING ALEXANDER.

EACH town established in New England was called a new candlestick, and, in 1661, when Massasoit died, there were about ninety of these Puritan candlesticks in the Land of the Bays.

As you have seen, most of the lands occupied by the English, were not claimed by the Indians, because the tribes which dwelt on them had been destroyed by the plague.

Then, too, many tracts had been bought.

They had been paid for with hatchets, blankets, and perishable articles; and, when these things were gone, the Indians began to think they had been cheated out of their lands.

Even before the death of Massasoit, his two sons, Wamsetta and Pometacom, chided the warriors who sold their land. "You are selling your birthright for a mess of pottage," they said, "and we shall soon not have ground enough to spread our blankets on."

They claimed that the Indians did not understand the deeds for lands for which they had

signed the rude outlines of a bow and arrow, or hatchet, or turtle, or any of the various totems which represented their names. But the white men said that the Indians were shrewd and cunning in their trades. They always got the best price they could for their furs, and sold their lands so cheaply because they prized the trinkets more highly than they did the lands.

The colonies, however, made strict laws against buying lands without permission of the courts, where the purchase might be examined.

Anyone buying land, without permission, was fined five pounds sterling for each acre that he bought. Fences were ordered to be put up to keep cattle from the Indians' corn, and many laws were made to protect the Indians.

Josiah Plastowe, "for stealing four baskets of corn from an Indian," was ordered "to give him eight baskets of corn and pay to the court a fine of five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josiah and not Mr., as formerly he used to be."

The Puritans believed that their coming had been a benefit to the savages.

Did they not have horses and oxen to lessen their labor, and plows to produce more corn?

Did they not have a market for their furs?

Had they not learned to store up corn against a famine, and build warm cabins against winter weather?

Were there not schools and churches and the catechism?

But when Wamsetta became chief of the Wampanoags in the place of his father, Massasoit, he pondered well the wampum belts of his people. They told of boundless forests and sea-coast.

He looked about him and saw his tribes crowded into two small peninsulas of Mount Hope and Tiverton.

The game was frightened from the forest, and the fish were taken from the rivers.

Every day he gazed wistfully at the lands that were gone. There lay the orchards, and stretches of waving grain, the pastures dotted with herds of browsing cattle, and the gardens gay in the mingled blossoms of the old world and the new.

How he despised the placid scene! How he longed to chase, once more, the bounding deer through sunny glades, and hunt the bear in the mazes of a tangled forest!

But the new king gave no sign of his anguish.

He followed the footsteps of his father to the lodges of the Palefaces. He went to Plymouth and renewed the pledges of Massasoit.

Then he went to buy powder, and was given several pounds as a present.

At length he and his brother went in state to Plymouth to request English names, and they were called Alexander and Philip by the magistrates.

And so these two Indian braves heard with wonder of Philip and Alexander of Greece, who had conquered the world in the olden time.

Who can tell if that very story may not have aroused their slumbering ambition?

At any rate, very soon after this event, news came that Alexander had visited his old enemies, the Narragansetts, and was plotting to massacre the English.

He was summoned to court to answer the charges, and as he did not appear, Major Josiah Winslow was sent to serve a summons.

The major and his musketeers found the chief reposing with his warriors in a hunting lodge, after a long chase in the forest.

Their arms were stacked at the doorway.

While the soldiers seized the arms, Major Winslow entered the lodge and served the writ.

The proud chief refused to go; and when Winslow pointed a pistol at him, Alexander became insane with rage. He sprang for his weapons,

THE PROUD CHIEF REFUSED TO GO.

but all the arms were under guard. Resistance was useless.

His warriors, fearing for his life, begged him to submit, and at length he bowed his head and set forth under an escort. Eighty warriors and Weetamoe, his wife, followed him in mournful silence as he set out for Plymouth.

The excitement of his arrest threw Alexander into a violent fever.

He was too ill to proceed farther than Duxbury, and was allowed to return home. He grew so ill, that his warriors made a litter from the boughs, and carried him through the forests to the Taunton which flowed past his lodge in Pocasset.

But the silent company had not paddled far down the stream, before it was plain that their young chief was dying.

With bursting hearts, his devoted men lifted the cold form from the canoe and laid it on a mossy bank.

And there in the shadows of the forest he loved so well, the proud spirit of Alexander broke like a reed in the winter's blast.

His faithful wife bent in anguish over the lifeless clay.

With his head pillowed on her breast, Alexander had gone in haste to join his father, Massasoit, in

the Happy Hunting Grounds, where a Paleface might never safely enter.

And Weetamoe, now the squaw-sachem or queen of Pocasset, returned to her lodge breathing vengeance on the English, who had brought this shame and sorrow to her wigwam.

CHAPTER XXIX.

KING PHILIP.

After the death of Alexander, Philip became king of the Wampanoags.

His chief seat was in Bristol, where the little peninsula gathers itself up into a high hill, called Mount Hope, which overlooks the waters and islands of Narragansett Bay.

Here, where the sea-breeze gently fanned his brow in summer, and the warm gulf stream tempered the frosts in winter, King Philip dwelt with his wife and child.

If he felt resentment toward the English for the death of his brother, he concealed it from his best friends.

He went to Plymouth to renew the pledges of friendship which Alexander had given, and for five years there was peace.

The white-winged ships brought new settlers every year, until there were more than twice as many white men as red men in New England.

The Indians longed more and more for the cunning inventions, which the English gave in exchange for their lands. Tract after tract was signed away;

many more candlesticks were set along the frontiers, and the Puritans prospered greatly.

Then charges were brought against Philip. It was said that he was willing to join the French or the Dutch against the English, to recover the lands which his people had sold.

In April, 1671, he was summoned to court at Taunton, to answer these charges.

He took a band of warriors with him, painted and decorated with all the trappings of barbaric splendor, and armed to the teeth.

He demanded one-half of the meeting-house for himself and his followers. The stern Pilgrims from Plymouth sat on the other side of the house, and they also were armed. Between the two sat commissioners from Massachusetts, who were to act as judges.

King Philip stood up with lofty composure, and spoke in his own defense.

He denied all the charges. He said he was proud of the alliance made by his noble father.

When the Wampanoags had fallen before the plague, like grain before the sickle, the Narragansetts had not dared to attack them, because the English were their friends.

He pictured the weakness of his people, if the English should desert them.

He offered to surrender his arms, and defended himself so well that pledges of friendship were renewed, and he was allowed to go his way.

Three years passed, and rumors came again to Plymouth that the Indians were sharpening their hatchets and mending their guns for the warpath.

Perhaps Philip had listened to the cries for vengeance from the widowed Weetamoe, who dwelt across the bay at Pocasset, and was the beloved sister of Philip's wife.

Perhaps he was urged to war by the young warriors, who had learned the use of the gun, and longed for a trial of skill with the white men's weapons.

However this may have been, charges of treachery were again brought against Philip.

When he was summoned to court, he confessed he had broken his pledges, but professed repentance, and surrendered the arms of some of his people.

This aroused the wrath of his warriors, who had paid for their arms with valuable lands.

So they held a great council fire, and Philip was taunted with his shame. The oldest chief pictured the glory of the past. The youngest warrior painted the future, led Philip's only child, a beautiful ten-year-old boy, into the circle,

and foretold his degradation as the white man's slave.

This last was more than the proud spirit of the sachem could bear. He decided on war, and began to collect muskets from the French and the Dutch.

When Philip was again summoned to Plymouth, he went instead to Boston. He was very haughty now. He said that if King Charles, of England, would come and sit on his mat, he would treat with him; but he did not owe obedience to the governor of Plymouth.

Now, there was a young Indian named Sausamon, who had been educated in the college at Cambridge, and had taught school in the praying town of Natick.

But for some reason, Sausamon had gone back to his people. He was intelligent and pleasing in his manners, and Philip made him his private secretary, and learned to love him and to trust him. He told Sausamon all about his plans to unite the Indian tribes, and drive the English back over the morning waters to the land from which they had come.

After a time, Sausamon repented his desertion of the English. He came back to Natick, professed belief in the Christian religion, was baptized and became a preacher.

Then he revealed the plots against the settlements of New England, and very soon after was murdered and thrown into the river through a hole cut in the ice.

An Indian testified that he had seen three of Philip's men kill him, and had fled in fear of his own life.

The three Indians were tried and convicted by a jury of Indians and white men.

One of the Indians afterwards confessed, that he had stood near, while the other two committed the crime. All three were put to death.

The Puritans were now greatly excited over the conflict that was sure to come.

There they were, shut in between the cruel sea and the still more cruel foes; they fancied they heard warnings of dread events about to happen. To their heated fancies, the whistling wind was the sound of bullets whizzing through the air; the crash of a falling tree was the roar of cannon; rocks rolling down the mountain side was the discharge of muskets.

They said the wolves howled more dismally than ever through the trackless forests that skirted the settlements; and they began to think that a punishment was sent upon them for their sins. Some dressed too gayly in ribbons, others drank

too much ale; and yet others thought perhaps they were to suffer for their pride in long, curling locks; and some even declared that a judgment was upon them for allowing the Quakers to dwell in their midst.

There was fasting and praying and rubbing up of rusty firearms, through all the colonies of New England.

CHAPTER XXX.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

PHILIP of the Wampanoags sent swift messengers to summon his allies to a council of war.

Some came from the country of the Nipmunks in central Massachusetts, others from the tribes which dwelt about the great Niagara Falls, others from the far provinces of Maine.

They glided like swift shadows through the trackless forests, or floated past the chain of bays on the east, rounded Cape Cod, and steered their barks into Narragansett Bay, where the waters were red with the glare of the signal fires on the summit of Mount Hope.

And when all had at last assembled, they were a strange and motley group.

The warriors of each tribe wore their own peculiar dress, and their faces were marked in different symbols, so that each was known from the others.

Some were half naked, others clothed in fine doeskin embroidered with wampum and fringed with moose hair.

Weetamoe, queen of Pocasset, the widow of Al-

exander, was there in garments of moose skin, finely dressed ; a mantle of blue cloth was tied at the shoulders and waist, with girdles of white and blue wampum ; a tablet of copper wrought with jewels, shone on her ample breast ; and with her were three hundred warriors, fiercer than all the others, in their war-paints.

Those who dwelt far from the white men, had their own weapons, the war clubs of tough, white oak, the long bow with arrows tipped with jasper, the hatchets of stone, and the spear of hardened wood.

Those who came from near the English settlements, were armed with sharp, steel hatchets. Many had muskets, at which the less fortunate braves gazed with envious eyes.

When night had fallen, Philip took his place upon a stone near the council fire, and row behind row, in one vast circle, his warriors gathered around him. His face was painted in red and black. Upon his head he wore a band of wampum in token of his kingly office ; a broad belt of wampum fell from his shoulders to his waist ; his mantle was of feathers, and upon his breast was painted an eagle with outstretched wings.

A feast was served on the high, white cliff which overlooks the lovely bay of Narragansett ; and meats,

which had long filled the air with savory odors during the process of cooking, were passed around in baskets by boys.

But, according to ancient custom, Philip, the chief, ate nothing. He set apart, and pondered how he might best move the hearts of his people. His fiery eyes glowed like those of a tiger, though his manner was subdued; and when the feast was over, he rose to his feet to tell his warriors why he had called them together. His voice swelled to majestic tones, when he recalled the ancient splendor of his race.

He pictured their vast domains, the deep forests, the sunny banks along the winding rivers, the smiling bays skirting all the morning waters. Then, in hesitating accents, he bewailed the disasters which had befallen his people—the plague, the coming of the white men, the scarcity of game, the insults of the English traders.

He said the Indians had only sold the right to settle on the lands; they had not sold the lands; yet their forests were cut down, and they, themselves, would soon be driven out like dogs from the seats of their fathers.

The white men had come cold and hungry to the Land of the Bays. They were warmed and fed. They came with no place where their feet

might rest, save on a broken ship. The great Massasoit gave them shelter and broad lands ; and now, the white beggars had become princes. They said to the red men, "Come hither," and they came. "Go yonder," and they obeyed like slaves.

The warriors were shutting themselves up in praying towns, where they did the work of squaws. They whipped their boys into craven cowards.

A few more years, and there would be no more warriors ; there would only be slaves.

He recalled the destruction of the Pequods, the shameful death of Alexander, the betrayal of Miantonomo, the hanging of his own devoted followers, who were innocent of the death of Sausamon. He said that the great Spirit had painted one people red and the other white, that He might know them apart. Then He had stretched the wide salt water between them to keep them apart forever.

But the white men had disobeyed the great Spirit. They had come across the salt sea, and brought plague and ruin with them. Then Philip's voice grew loud and commanding, as he summoned his men to destroy the white tyrants, and win back the old hunting-grounds. As for himself, he would pursue the warpath as long as any man was left to fight.

When the king sat down there was loud applause.

But some grizzly old warriors, scarred by many war clubs, urged delay. They said it would take many moons to unite all the tribes on the warpath to the English. The praying towns must be won over. The Mohawks and the Narragansetts must be bribed to joined the league. More guns must be bought from the Dutch and the French.

In the end, this wise counsel prevailed, and it was decided to delay the attack on the settlements until harvest.

But all the vast assembly declared for war ; and then the fires were fed with pine-knots for the dance.

They whirled around in a fury which waxed wilder every moment, until a medicine man uttered a loud, shrill cry.

Then all was silent. Every warrior stood in his place like a bronze statue.

Slowly a band of powwows moved toward a forest among the neighboring hills. The warriors followed with noiseless tread.

And in a solitary grove the priests built a fire, calling on the great Spirit of the warpath. One by one the warriors walked to the fire, and threw their most valued treasures into the sacred

flames—a scalp lock, an otter skin, a wampum belt, a carved bow with arrows of jasper, a dress of rare feathers, a string of wampum, each threw in an offering to appease the wrath of the god of war.

And so the last step was taken. No more answer to the summons of white men! War, bloody war, was before all who dwelt in the Land of the Bays.

From this time forth, Mount Hope was the dread spot of all New England. There were sounds of drums and shots in the night, canoes were dimly outlined in the moonlight, as they glided past the coasts; and swift and stealthy messengers sped to and from the lodge of King Philip.

The court wrote Philip, urging him to dismiss his strange visitors, but he gave no reply.

CHAPTER XXXI.

KING PHILIP'S WAR—(*Continued*).

In spite of their agreement at the council fire at Mount Hope, some bands of Indians began to prowl about the English settlements.

They broke into houses, shot down cattle, and seemed determined to provoke the white men into shedding the first blood. At last an Indian, who had killed some cattle, was wounded at Swanzey.

This was the signal for war. It is said that Philip wept when he heard of it. He was not yet ready for war, and saw what the end must be.

Swanzey was a town of about forty families, and the nearest to Mount Hope. On the twenty-fourth of June, 1675, as the people were coming from meeting, an Englishman was killed, and on the following day several were shot by the Indians.

Troops rallied from the Massachusetts and Connecticut towns. The faithful Mohegans hurried to aid their white brothers, and the combined forces marched to Mount Hope.

Philip fled across the bay to Pocasset, which was a vast marsh, overgrown with hemlocks, and

choked by brambles and the mouldering trunks of fallen trees.

The English did not dare to follow him through the deep, black mire.

So they built a fort, and kept up a siege for two weeks, hoping to starve him out of his hiding-place.

But Philip passed, at length, on a raft, over an arm of the sea, and fled to the west. He was pursued by the troops, and lost thirty of his brave followers.

With the fury of despair, the chieftain rallied the Indians of Massachusetts around him, and began to assault the English towns.

He moved swiftly, now here, now there, and was said to be attended by an old witch, who assisted him by her black charms.

An attack was made at Brookfield, and the people fled to the blockhouse.

The Indians set fire to all the houses of the town, and then began a siege on the blockhouse.

They tried in many ways to set it afire. They shot arrows, tipped with burning rags, to the roof.

Then they built a very long scaffold, with barrels for wheels, loaded it with hay, and pushed it, flaming, toward the building.

But a rain poured down, which seemed a mir-

IN AN INSTANT HUNDREDS OF BULLETS AND ARROWS CAME WHIZZING FROM THE THICKETS.

acle to the pallid men, women and children, who were fighting for their lives within the fort.

The flames were quenched; the bow-strings were stretched so that the arrows missed their marks; and, before affairs were in fighting shape again, a a troop of cavalry, in command of Major Simon Willard, hurried to the rescue of Brookfield, and drove the Indians back, with a heavy loss.

At Deerfield and at Hadley, the houses were pillaged and burned. Men, women and children were put to death, and scalped in the most horrible manner.

A company of ninety soldiers, with eighteen wagons, went to Deerfield to get a large amount of grain, which had been left behind by the fleeing citizens.

They secured the grain, and as they were fording a little stream, threw their arms into the wagons. In an instant hundreds of bullets and arrows came whizzing from the surrounding thickets.

All the little company were killed but seven, and the stream where they fell is called Bloody Brook to this very day.

Before the Indians could escape, Captain Mosely, who was called the Paleface-with-two-heads, because he hung his wig on a bush while he fought, arrived on the scene, with seventy militia.

"Come, Paleface-with-two-heads," they cried. "You seek Indians? You want Indians? Here are Indians enough for you!" And they brandished aloft the scalp-locks they had taken.

Mosely stationed his men under a shower of arrows, and began the struggle with over a thousand savages. He was beaten back, but was re-enforced by a hundred and sixty Mohegan and English troops, and, rallying his men, beat the enemy back with great loss.

When winter set in, and the forests were no longer a shelter for ambush, the fortunes of Philip seemed on the wane.

He called the remnant of his forces together, and sought aid of his old enemies, the Narragansetts.

Canonchet was now chief of the Narragansetts. He was the son of Miantonomo, whom the Mohegans had slain; and when he saw the foes of his father, set in battle array by the Palefaces, and heard them shouting their triumphs over the now desperate Philip, he resolved to aid that unfortunate king.

So the warriors of Canonchet, dug up the hatchet, painted their faces, and held their war-dance.

They built a great fort in a swamp at Kingston, and within its stout palisades, were five hundred wigwams.

Here the two chiefs united their forces, and plotted how they might wipe the English from the face of the earth.

In the middle of bleak December, one thousand soldiers, under command of Governor Winslow, started against the fort at Kingston. One night they lay on the ground without shelter, and the next morning, stumbled on through snow three feet deep.

The hands of many were frozen, but on they marched.

When they reached the fort, they found that the only entrance was over a log, guarded by a block-house, from which the Indians began to fire.

A few brave men leaped on the log, and were shot down in an instant. Others took their places, and at last, with heavy loss, they reached the entrance. Meanwhile, a weak spot had been found on the other side of the palisade. Some climbed on each other's shoulders and scaled the walls, and so, from many sides, they entered and began the struggle. They fought till sunset, and, under cover of a blinding snow, a few hundred warriors escaped.

Then the English set fire to the wigwams, and all within them perished—warriors, old men, women and children.

Cries of horror and rage, resounded from the neighboring forest, when those who had escaped saw the red flames leaping through the village; and, leaving more than a thousand dead behind, they fled through the night, to carry destruction to all the English settlements.

Meanwhile, the Puritans grieved over the part that the praying Indians were taking in these troubles.

There had long been reason to distrust the honesty of some. They painted white wampum black, that they might sell it at double price; they tied beaver tails on raccoon skins, and sold the peltry for beaver; they shot tame turkeys, and declared they were wild ones.

It was often said, that an Indian back-slider was the very meanest Indian in the world. Because some were so false, the Puritans were inclined to condemn them all, and said their praying should be spelled with an "e." The dear old pastor, Eliot, became very unpopular, because he tried to protect his Christians from punishments, which he thought undeserved.

The noble man now collected his bands together, and exhorted them to hold true to their faith. He did not ask them to take up arms against their own tribes. He said he did not think it right to ask

them to do that. He only urged them to remain quietly in their towns.

But ties of blood were stronger than those of faith, and three weeks after the first attack on Swanzey, one whole town of two hundred, deserted to the enemy.

Now, the warriors looked upon the praying Indians as spies. They had not forgotten how Sausamon betrayed Philip to the English.

And so these praying Indians were in ill repute with both red men and white men.

Some seemed to have richly deserved contempt.

One, when he had done all the mischief he could, delivered his father into the hands of the English, that he might save his own life.

Another, who, perhaps, remembered when he had been whipped in Puritan fashion, and set in the stocks for misconduct, wore a string of white fingers around his neck, which he had cut from the dead after a battle.

It was no wonder that our forefathers were losing faith in the Indians.

CHAPTER XXXII.

KING CANONCHET.

After the awful defeat at Kingston, the old men were weary of war, and wished to make peace; but the young braves said they would not bow the head like an ox to the English yoke; they would fight till the last warrior had shot his last arrow.

Roger Williams grieved over the fate which awaited them. He told the Narragansetts that there were ten thousand more white men who could carry muskets, and, if all these were slain, the Great Father in England could send ten thousand more.

But his former friends would no longer listen to counsel, and hurried away on their mission of death.

Philip himself fled to new fields of slaughter. "We lose nothing but our lives," he said, "while the white men lose lands, and fine houses, and cattle." He was seldom seen in open battle, but hurried from chief to chief, exciting wrath against the common foe.

He went even to the hated Mohawks on the Hudson. It is said that he slew three Mohawks with

his own hand, and reporting that the English had slain them, urged vengeance among their kindred. But one of his victims lived to tell of his treachery, and he was driven out of the Mohawk country.

In February, 1676, Lancaster, thirty miles from Boston, was attacked by a large band of warriors under Philip.

Forty-two persons fled to the house of Mary Rowlandson. The house was set on fire, and "Quickly," writes Mrs. Rowlandson, "it was the dolefulest day that ever mine eyes saw. Some in our house were fighting for their lives; others wallowing in blood; the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head, if we stirred out. I took my children to go forth, but the Indians shot so thick, that the bullets rattled against the house as if one had thrown a handful of stones. We had six stout dogs, but not one of them would stir. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and through my poor child in my arms."

All were massacred or taken prisoners. Mrs. Rowlandson and her child were dragged away from her home. After many weary miles, they went into camp with the Indians. "Down I must sit in the snow," says the poor captive, "with my sick child, the picture of death in my lap. Not

the least crumb came within our mouths from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except a little cold water. One Indian, and then a second, and then a third, would come and tell me, 'Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.' This was the comfort I had from them—miserable comforters were they all."

The child died, and was buried in the snow. Mrs. Rowlandson became a servant of Weetamoe, queen of Pocasset. Philip went often to the lodge of Weetamoe. He was kind to the unhappy white slave, and once hired her to make a shirt for his little son; another time he asked her to knit a cap for the child.

It was for the rights of this bright-eyed little Indian lad, that the great chieftain was making war upon the English usurpers.

Canonchet, chief of the Narragansetts, aided Philip in all his undertakings. He remembered that he was the son of Miantonomo. He was wary and vigilant. His warriors knew all the hidden paths which led to the English, and as spring came on, and the trees were clothed in leaves, they dressed themselves in green boughs above the waists, and stealing upon the unsuspecting towns, put them to the torch.

The gold of the buttercups was stained ruby-

red, and the meadows were damp with the blood of their victims.

But as spring advanced, the fortunes of the Indians began to wane.

They were without food, and could be traced for miles through the woods, where the earth was torn up for lily roots and grass roots.

Unless corn was planted, they would starve to death before another winter was over. So the tomahawk was laid aside for the hoe, and the warriors scattered about in small bands to farm their land.

Canonchet started, from the bank of the Connecticut, with thirty men to search for seed corn. They had passed through the Pequod country, where they stopped at Sachem's Plain to breathe anew their vows of vengeance, and were in the centre of their own hunting-grounds, resting in their wigwams, when an alarm of *Owanux*! was given. The chieftain sprang from his couch and fled. He was hotly pursued by some English soldiers. With the speed of a deer, he ran. His blanket was heavy. He threw it away. His silver-laced coat choked him, and he tore it off. His belt of wampum bound him about the waist; he hurled it far from him, and on he sped. If he might only cross yonder stream, he could lose himself in the mazes of the forest beyond.

The soldiers knew, by the garments on the ground, that the fugitive was the great chief of the Narragansetts, and followed in more eager pursuit.

At length his foot slipped on a stone at the brink of the river, and he fell so that his gun was wet.

His enemies were upon him, and he made no resistance. He confessed that he became "like a rotten stick—void of strength."

But pride did not forsake him. When a beardless young soldier questioned him, he said, with lofty contempt, "You are a child. You cannot understand matters of war. Let your chief come; him will I answer."

He was offered freedom if he would betray Philip. "I will fight it out to the last man," he said, "rather than become a servant to the English." Condemned to death, he said, "I like it very well; for I shall die before my heart is soft, or I have spoken anything unworthy of myself."

He was shot on the plains of Stonington by three chiefs who were allies of the English.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WEETAMOE AND ANNAWON.

DISASTER came swiftly upon Philip after the death of Canonchet. Many deserted from his standard. At last one hundred and fifty of his own people were taken, among whom was his own wife, Wookanuske, and his only child, the pride and joy of his heart, for whose sake he had fought against such desperate odds.

"My heart is broken," said Philip, "I am ready to die." With a few faithful followers he returned to Mount Hope, where the graves of his forefathers were.

Weetamoe attempted to follow him. Of all her three hundred braves, only twenty-six were left, and these were pursued by the militia, and cut down to a man. The wretched queen, in crossing the Taunton on a raft, was drowned, and her body was washed ashore.

She had followed Philip in all his fortunes, breathing vengeance upon the white men for the death of her husband, Alexander.

The ghastly head of the Indian queen was set

up on a pole in Taunton, and many Indian captives wept when they beheld it there.

But still Philip was defiant, and when one of his warriors advised surrender, he struck him dead at his feet.

Then a brother of the slain warrior led Captain Church and his men, through a secret trail, to Mount Hope. They arrived at midnight, and rested on their arms.

At dawn, when the Indians saw the sentinels, they knew they were betrayed, and rushed from their hiding-places. As Philip ran, he was shot through the heart by an Indian, and fell forward in the waters of a marsh. One of his companions, a surly old fellow, hallooed with a loud voice, "*Jootash*! *Jootash*!" It was Annawon, the great captain, calling to his men to fight hardy, as they fled through the swamps.

Philip's head was brought to Plymouth and set up on a pole.

Some say that Wookanuske and her son were sold as slaves, and lived, under the lash, on a rice plantation in Barbadoes. Others say they were put on board a vessel in Boston Bay, bound for the West Indies. They sailed past Cape Cod, and ploughed through the waters between Buzzard's Bay and the islands once under the sway of Philip.

AS PHILIP RAN, HE WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART BY AN INDIAN.

As the gallant ship skirted the coast of Rhode Island, the proud Wookanuske stood on deck with her boy. She gazed with wistful eyes at the high, white flint rock of Mount Hope, where she so often stood with Philip, and the past rose up before her like some horrid dream.

As night came on, she folded the boy to her bosom. "Pometicum beckons us to the Land of Shadows," she whispered. "The great Spirit is calling us to the Happy Hunting Grounds beyond the setting sun;" and silently and swiftly they passed over the side of the vessel into the waves below.

If neither of these stories be true, we know there was only sorrow and despair for the heritage of the grandchild of the great chief, Massasoit.

The aged Annawon was now sachem of the hostile Indians.

He had followed Philip's fortunes to the last, and, when his chief was slain, escaped from Mount Hope with sixty followers, and took refuge in a swamp near Rehoboth. Captain Church surrounded the swamp, and kept up a siege for several days. The soldiers dared not penetrate the gloom among the hemlocks, where their foes were lurking. Church suspected that food was carried to the fugitives by some hidden path, and set

guards to watch. At last an old Indian and his daughter were seen paddling across Palmer river. They hid the boat in the bushes, and, with heavy baskets on their backs, moved cautiously toward the swamp where Annawon was concealed.

They were arrested, and forced to confess that a path led to the sachem's camp. Then Captain Church told the Indian that he should guide him to the spot. "I am your slave since my life is in your hands," replied the old man, and led the soldiers into the secret path. It was a long journey. Church suspected treachery, and held his gun ready to fire upon the guide.

At last, the old man led the captain to the edge of a rocky precipice. There, far below, he saw the camp. There were the bark huts, the blazing fires where the meats were roasting on spits, the squaws busy pounding corn, the firearms near the foot of the rock, covered with mats to keep them dry.

Annawon, with his son, lay on the ground near the guns, and the other warriors were scattered about at a distance, some idly talking, and others fast asleep. Church noted well the situation, and then drew back to consult with his captives.

"No one could enter or leave the swamp except by the precipice," the Indians said.

Then it was arranged that the old man and his

daughter should go in advance, and enter the camp in the usual way. Church and his men followed. They marched in single file down the steep path, clutching at the tufts of grass and roots of shrubs that grew in the clefts of the rocks.

It was a moment of great risk. If the old man yonder, with the basket on his back, should give some sign to the Indians below, all would be lost.

The little band of white men crept down the trail, drawing nearer, every moment, to victory or death.

They reached the bottom. Church seized the stack of arms and covered the chief with his gun. Annawon sprang up, cried "*Howan*!" and fell back on his couch. His son covered his head in the blankets.

Without weapons they could do nothing. All the warriors surrendered.

"I have come to eat supper with you," said Church.

The chief called the squaws to prepare a meal for their guests. The two leaders supped together. Then Church stationed guards about the camp, and lay down near the chief. But neither slept. The moonlight poured its soft light upon the sleeping warriors, and spread a mantle of silver over the high cliffs which towered above the hemlocks at

their base. No word was spoken. Hours passed, but still the leaders lay with eyes wide open. Church thought he could not make himself understood, and his interpreter was sound asleep.

At last Annawon arose, and silently left the camp. He was gone so long that Captain Church grew frightened, and prepared for the worst. He collected the arms, and lay down close to the chief's son, so that arrows might not reach him without first passing over the body of the boy.

But soon after, Annawon returned. He bore a bundle in his hands, and sat down near the captain. Then he unrolled the wrappings of skin, and showed the treasures of the dead chief, Philip.

There was a broad belt embroidered in the shapes of birds, beasts and flowers, with black and white wampum, and a smaller belt edged with moose hair, and finished with stars on the ends; two glazed powder horns, and a red blanket.

Annawon laid these things by the side of Captain Church.

"These you have now," he said, in good English. "There is no Indian now in all the Land of the Bays who is worthy to keep them."

The rest of the night was spent in talking. The old chief told of the exploits of Philip, and of Massasoit, in wars with other tribes, but was careful to

avoid all mention of the troubles with the white men.

The following morning, the whole band was taken to Taunton, and Annawon was put to death. And thus King Philip's war came to an end.

New England had lost six hundred men. Thirteen towns were destroyed, and forty others had been the place of fire and death. Fair women and little children had perished, and aching hearts were in every home.

The remnants of the Indian tribes wandered as exiles to the North and to the West, where, along the lakes and the great rivers, their great Algonquin kinsmen dwelt.

Many years after, longing to behold their old hunting-grounds, and moved by a hate which never slept, they guided French war parties to lay waste again the fair fields of the English.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CHARTERS.

When John Winthrop came to the Land of the Bays, he brought a charter of liberties, signed by the king, which gave to the Puritans of Massachusetts the right to choose their own governor, and make their own laws.

Then Roger Williams, of Providence, went to England to secure a charter for his colony of Providence.

And when he returned with the precious document, he was met at Seaconk by the exulting people of Providence, and escorted across the river in a triumphal march of fourteen canoes. The air was rent by the shouts of his welcome; for now the people, of the future state of Rhode Island, were permitted to govern themselves.

Then the many little towns of Connecticut sent delegates to Hartford, to write out a charter for themselves.

And as they wanted to be sure that this charter might always be their own, they sent John Winthrop, Jr., to England, to secure approval from the king.

He bore a petition from the magistrates, pleading the rights of the people of Connecticut to the land they had bought from the Indians, or won with their blood in the wars with the Pequods.

Winthrop first went to the homes of many nobles, where he was soon a welcome guest. None could depict the beauties of the new world better than this son of old John Winthrop of Boston, and none could win such sympathy for the settlers, who had toiled and struggled for the rude homes in the wilderness.

He soon gained the support of the most powerful men in England for his charter, and then went to Charles II with his petition.

When he showed a ring, which had been given to his grandfather by Charles I, Winthrop so moved the young king, that he granted him all he wished.

So Hartford and Connecticut were united in one colony, with a vast tract of land, extending straight from Narragansett Bay to the Pacific Ocean.

The king gave the province, as he would have given a jewel, to one who had pleased him with some idle tale.

Young Winthrop bore the precious charter to Hartford, where it was stowed away in a box made for the purpose.

Now, Winthrop's talk reminded the king that England claimed the country west of the Connecticut, because of the discovery of the Cabots.

So he gave it to his son, the Duke of York. The young prince hastened to take possession of his rich province, and sent a fleet to New Amsterdam.

The Dutch settlers were under the oppressive laws of the East India Company, and had long looked, with wistful eyes, at the freedom of the English in Connecticut. So when the English ships moored off the Battery, and demanded the surrender of the town, they would not resist.

Although their governor, Peter Stuyvesant, said he would die rather than surrender, and tore the letter of terms into pieces, he was compelled by the burghers to put the letter together again and capitulate. So the English took possession of the town of New Amsterdam. They called it New York, and sailed up the Hudson, and changed the name of Fort Orange to Albany. Then the fleet sailed up the Delaware, and took possession of the country along its shores. So the country to the west of New England became English.

But it proved to be a sad day for the liberties of the colonies, when the royal family became interested in real estate in America. Sir Edward Andros was made governor of New York, and,

one hot day in July, crossed over Long Island Sound, with the flag of England waving from the mast, to read his commission as governor of Connecticut. As he stood on the steps of the Town Hall of Saybrook, the captain of the fort told him to stop reading the hateful document. Andros insisted that his authority extended to the Connecticut.

"Connecticut has her own charter, signed by King Charles," said the captain, "and, in the name of the king, leave off reading, or take the consequences." And, pale with rage, the would-be governor was conducted to his ship by the Saybrook militia.

Then, while New England was trying to build up new homes from the ashes of King Philip's war, King Charles began to wonder much over these colonies, who had fought their own battles with the Indians, and had even become so bold as to coin their own money. Besides, the board of trade complained that ships from France and Spain brought wares into the harbors of New England without paying duty in any English port, so Charles sent over Edward Randolph, to inquire into colonial affairs.

Now, Randolph bore the seal of the king, and assumed the most lordly airs as he went from port to port.

Governor Leveratt, of Massachusetts, received him coldly, kept his peaked hat on in his presence, and told him, that, since the colonies had carried on the wars with the Indians without help from England, they should be allowed to enjoy the lands which had cost so much sorrow and toil.

Randolph returned to England with a long story of the insolence of the colonies, and so prejudiced the king, that he ordered Parliament to revoke the charter of Massachusetts. So the king claimed the country, just as he would a castle in England. All titles to houses and lands were swept away. If the king wished, he might turn the people out of their homes into the streets.

Charles died soon after this, and his son, James II, also claimed New England, and sent Sir Edward Andros to be governor-in-chief of all the Land of the Bays.

Glittering in scarlet and lace, the new governor sailed into Massachusetts Bay, with companies of British soldiers to aid him.

He chose Boston as his headquarters, turned officers out, and put in those of his own choosing. He put a tax on imported goods, made the law, that none could be legally married except by a clergyman of the Church of England, and took the old South Meeting House for services of that church.

He told the people their land belonged to the king, and they must pay rent for it, and when they showed him the deeds which the Indians had given, he said they were not worth the scratch of a bear's claw.

When Andros thought he had Massachusetts well under control, he proceeded, at the head of a body of troops, to demand the charter of Connecticut.

All day, Governor Treat pleaded with him to leave them the charter until they might have a hearing in England. But Andros remembered well how he had been sent off by the Connecticut militia a few years before. He was haughty, and would listen to nothing.

Night came on. Candles were lighted. A large crowd gathered about the building, and as many pressed into the room as could get a standing place. Some painted Indians stood among the throng, and gazed with awe at the gold-bedecked messenger from the great king.

The charter lay with its box on the table.

Andros, at length, in an angry voice, demanded that the charter be returned to its box and delivered to him.

Suddenly the lights went out. There was confusion and delay, much scraping of tinder; many

oh's! and ah's! some laughs, and some oaths, and when, at last, light was made, there was no charter in sight. Guards were set about the door, a search was made, but no charter could be found.

It rested securely in the hollow of an old oak-tree, and there it long remained. But Andros cared nothing about the charter anyway.

He adjourned the court with his soldiers, and thus became governor of all the royal province of New England, with his capital at Boston.

Voting by the ballot was forbidden, town meetings were dispersed. The public schools were not supported, and the people began to say that there was nothing left to disgrace them further, except to sell them as slaves.

Meantime, the Indian converts, who still lingered on the outskirts of Boston, were much perplexed at this state of affairs. They came to Rev. Eliot, now very old and feeble, to talk over the situation. "No red men have ever obeyed a coward," they said. "Your sachem is a coward and yet you obey him. Is this because you are a Christian?" And the dear old man bowed his head, but gave no answer.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ROYAL GOVERNOR.

Governor Andros did not find his life at Boston very pleasant. Sullen faces greeted him in the streets. "'Tis the least of our thoughts to build a house for the king's governor," said the people ; and so he repaired a fort for his residence.

Meanwhile, the French of the St. Lawrence were beginning to erect forts along the English frontiers. They gained such influence over the Indians that dwelt between New England and New France, that the governor went to New Albany, to make a treaty with the Iroquois who dwelt between the Hudson river and the lakes.

The people of New England watched all his acts with suspicion. They said his visit to New Albany was to make peace with the French, as well as with the Iroquois. French war-ships hovered around the coast, and it was rumored, that the king intended to sell or trade his American provinces to the king of France.

When Governor Andros built some forts on the frontier of Maine, and sent six hundred of the

bravest militia in mid-winter to garrison them, he was accused of wishing to be rid of that many soldiers.

In the midst of this unrest, news came of the invasion of England by William of Orange. It was hoped that the oppressive reign of King James would soon be over, and bold measures were taken against his agent, Andros. Very early on Thursday, when the weekly lecture invited a large crowd, the town was active. Rumor was rife that the whole town of Boston was taking up arms. When drums beat about nine o'clock, several of the governor's party were seized and thrown into jail. The fidelity of the jailer was questioned, and "Scates, the bricklayer," was stationed in his place. Scates was probably a man of muscle, or he would not have been chosen for this important position.

Then the old magistrates donned again their robes of office, and proceeded to the council chamber under guard. They spent hours in busy deliberation, and at length appeared in the balcony of the Town Hall, before which the masses gathered in the street below. They read a document giving an account of their oppressions, since the taking away of the charter.

A signal on Beacon Hill had called in com-

GOV. ANDROS SURRENDERED AND WAS THROWN INTO PRISON.

panies of soldiers, and they came hurrying from Duxbury, Marshfield, and all the settlements along the coast. Soon several hundred soldiers were seen beyond Charlestown Neck, who would cross at a call.

Governor Andros was summoned to give over his authority. This was a bold act; for who knew whether the Prince of Orange would succeed in his invasion of England? Should he fail, the people would be shown little mercy by the tyrant, James. But the outraged citizens of Massachusetts were determined to place their fortunes with those of William of Orange.

Governor Andros surrendered, and was thrown into prison. The royal frigate, in the harbor, was dismantled, that it might not bear the news away.

There is no account but that "Scates, the bricklayer," kept his king's men safe and sound in the common jail; but the keeper at the fort was not so vigilant. Disguised in woman's clothes, Andros nearly escaped. He safely passed two guards, but the third noticed that the old lady's feet were uncommonly large, and arrested her amidst the jeers of the crowds on the street, among whom were straggling groups of Indians, who joined the sport over this "squaw-sachem" of the white men.

Every morning, the sea was scanned for a ship bearing some news of England's fate.

At last, a royal ship arrived with orders to proclaim William and Mary king and queen of England.

Never had there been such rejoicing along the bay as this. People flocked from all the country, in their best clothes, to celebrate the event. The old magistrates were there in official garb. Wilful Puritan lasses, who, on this day as on so many lesser days, tried the souls of our forefathers by their flaunting ribbons, leaned out of the windows, above the streets, to toss the May flowers at the feet of the stately procession as it passed. The gentry, from all the towns, rode on horseback through the thoroughfares ; Indians from the praying towns, dressed in store clothes, with hair cropped off in Puritan fashion, mingled with the throng ; the long troops of horse and foot, the busy sheriff and tithing-man, the flocks of wondering school-boys—all joined in the long parade.

Then there was a great dinner at the Town House for the people of quality, and, at night, the streets were filled with sounds of joy, until the bell rang for bed at nine o'clock. Then the good Puritans met around the altars to thank God that He had freed them from the oppressor.

Rhode Island, with delegates at Newport, restored the government under the charter ; at

Hartford, the charter was brought forth from its hiding-place, and the governor and magistrates took their old posts ; and a day was set for a general thanksgiving, in all the colonies of New England.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WITCHES.

It was the royal pleasure of King William, to allow Connecticut and Rhode Island to keep their own charters. But a new one was given to Massachusetts, under which the governor was to be appointed by the crown.

When the royal governor arrived, the coast was being again ravaged by the Indians, who still dwelt on the northern frontiers.

In long lines of canoes, they towed rafts, filled with pitch, and set them afire among the English shipping, as it lay at anchor in the bays.

Then they paddled swiftly away, and their mocking laugh sounded far over the waters.

They danced about the outskirts of the villages, and, in the glare of the burning buildings, slaughtered and tortured their victims like the very imps of darkness.

But just at this very time, there were worse imps than Indians within the little Puritan towns. A few years before, many witches had been burned at the stake in old England, and, some way or other,

witches had come across the sea; whether on the broomstick, or in the hold of some ship, where no morning prayers were said, no one seemed to know. However they came, there they were, in the good old Puritan towns. Cotton Mather, of Boston, said so, and he was one of the most learned men of his time. Samuel Parvis, of Danvers, said so, and who preached longer sermons than Samuel Parvis? Sir William Phipps, the royal governor, said so, and he represented the king.

A daughter of a mason, in Boston, had a quarrel with a washerwoman over some clothes, and "cried out upon her" that she had bewitched her. The girl's influence over the younger children of the family was such, that she soon had them acting as if they were bewitched. The little four-year-old added her piping voice, when they all mewed like kittens, or barked like dogs, or neighed like horses. They crawled on all-fours, tried to climb the walls, and then sprang out of the house, and ran away like young colts under the lash of some invisible master. Sometimes they could not see, and stumbled blindly over the chairs, hurting themselves badly; sometimes they could not hear, and stood stupidly about when they were asked questions. The hearing was always lost when prayers were said, and the seeing when the catechism was to be

read. They whistled and screamed at prayers. What could it mean, but that the children were bewitched?

There was, happily, a release from their miseries at bedtime, and all night long nature built up their little bodies for the tortures of the next day.

Ministers of Boston met to fast and pray, to deliver the children from the black charms. The wretched washerwoman, who talked fast and long in her broken Irish, made things worse and worse, in her efforts to right them. Some one testified, that some one had said, that she had been seen by some one else, to fly down a chimney. She was asked to give the Lord's Prayer in English, but as she was a Catholic, she had only learned it in Latin, and very badly at that. In the end, the helpless woman was convicted of witchcraft, and hanged.

Cotton Mather was at this time almost a boy, just out of college. He became convinced that Satan had found out the refuge of Puritans, and crossed in the hold of some of the ships. He felt it his duty to drive him out, hoof and horns, from this chosen Land of the Bays.

Other children were seized with a nervous desire to be under the witches, and under the witches they soon seemed to be. Things got worse and

worse. Services in the church, were interrupted by the cries of the children. In spite of the tithing-man, Ann Putnam cried out in service, "There is a yellow bird sitting on the minister's hat."

Physicians declared that the children were well, and that it must be the work of witches. There was fasting and prayer.

At last it seemed certain, that three old women of Salem were the agents of the evil one. Tituba, who was a half Indian and half negro slave from the Barbadoes, confessed herself a witch.

Perhaps she was so excited, that she really thought she was. And so the fight about witch-craft increased, until a hundred wizards and witches lay in jail awaiting their trials.

One, who was condemned to die, merely looked at the meeting-house in Salem, as she was on her way to the scaffold, and it was said that straight-way a demon tore down a part of it. But others thought that some planks in the meeting-house had given way, from the great pressure of the crowds, which stood gaping at the unhappy woman as she passed.

Many were so distressed, that they began to believe themselves witches, and confessed to riding on sticks through the air, and changing themselves into animals at night, to prey upon their neighbors' cattle.

Twenty people were hanged on a high hill on the outskirts of Salem, fifty obtained pardon by confessing, and hundreds were accused and suspected of witchcraft.

Whispers went about, that men and women in high places were guilty. Lady Phipps, the governor's wife, was under suspicion of being a witch; several officials of state were accused of using the black arts.

At length, some confessions were proven so false, that reason began to return. The fraud, started by young girls, ended. Many, who had helped to put to death innocent people, had a troubled conscience as long as they lived.

But, after all is said, they had only followed the written law in England, which called witchcraft a crime punishable with death. If the older countries across the sea believed in witches at this time, perhaps we should not expect the Puritans to know any better. They were surrounded by a vast wilderness, and did not understand the strange sights and sounds about them. The awful storms, the strange lights in the northern sky, the falling of forest trees, made them nervous and anxious, all the time. Yet, if the white men were so easily deceived in this new world, how can we wonder at the delusions of the red man? They had always

believed in witches, and now the praying towns seemed for a time to return to their old heathen customs. The neglected powwows were again consulted, to drive out the witches. They built sacred fires with their pine-knots, and threw beads, and knives, and hatchets, and skins of snakes, into the flames, and, last of all, they threw in the dusky witches. It must have seemed like old savage times to these "praying Indians," as they danced and shouted about their victims in the fire.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON THE FRENCH FRONTIERS.

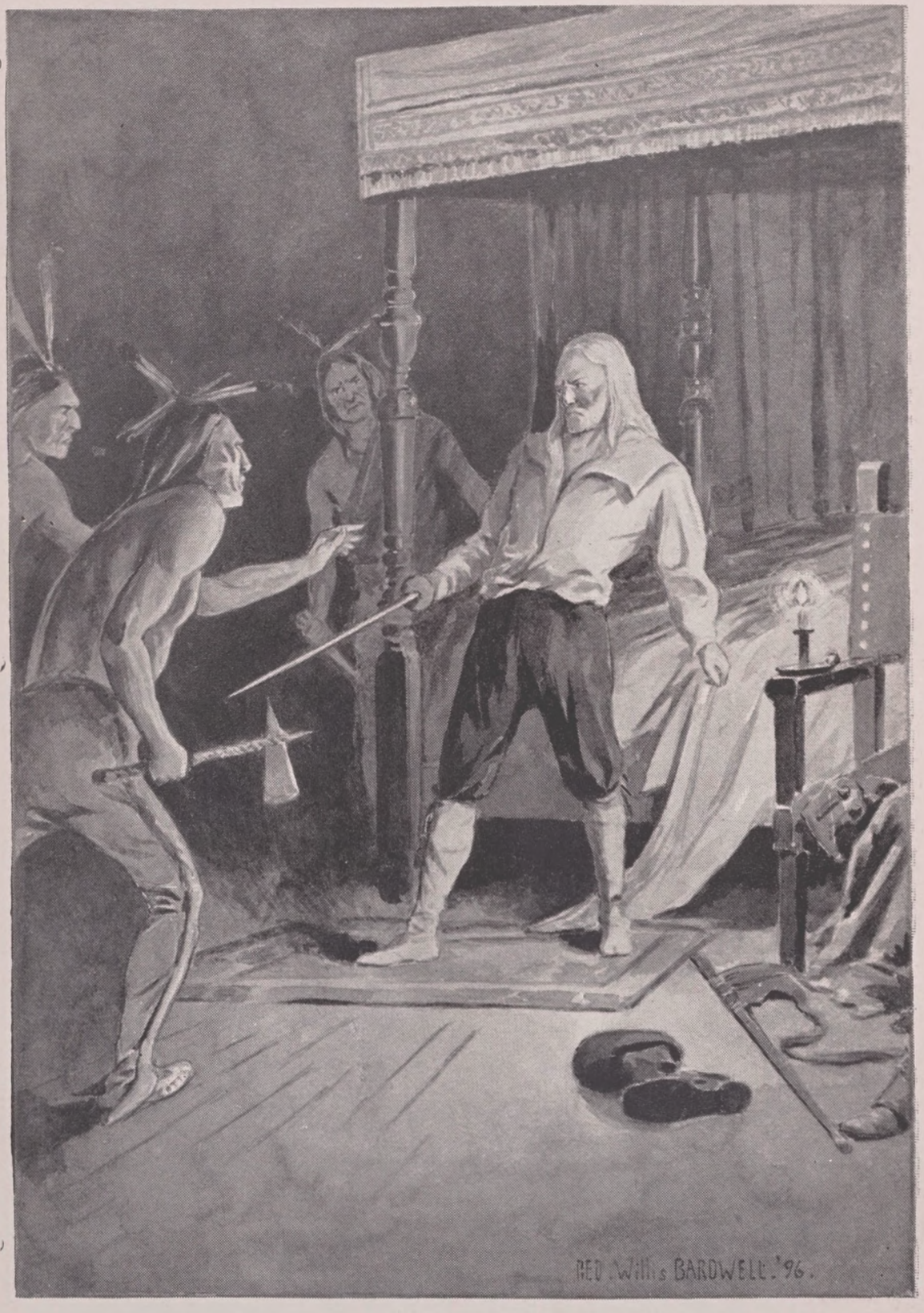
THE towns, on the frontiers of Maine and New Hampshire, suffered constant attacks from the Indians.

At Dover, there were five garrison houses, in one of which was Major Waldron. He had taken four hundred Indian prisoners, at the close of King Philip's war, by the stratagem of a sham battle.

When the muskets of the Indians had been discharged, he surrounded the warriors with his men, made them give up their arms, and sorted out about two hundred, who were sent to Boston, to be sold as slaves in the West Indies.

It was now time, after thirteen years, to seek revenge for this deed of the white men. Indian women came to Dover, to beg for lodging, during one bitter cold night. Then, when all within were asleep, the squaws rose from their pallets, unbarred the doors, and whistled to the dusky savages who lurked among the bushes.

As they crept stealthily forward, a dog in one



MAJ. WALDRON SPRANG FROM HIS BED AND DROVE HIS FOES BEFORE HIM WITH HIS SWORD.

house barked, and the inmates seized their arms, and defended themselves, but two houses were burned, and two were captured. In one of those captured, was Major Waldron.

He was eighty years old, but still strong and vigorous. He sprang from his bed, and drove his foes before him with his sword. As he turned for his musket, one of the Indians struck him on the back of the head.

He was tied to a chair and horribly tortured. As each Indian cut with a knife, he cried out, "I thus cross out my account."

Twenty-three white people were killed in Dover. Twenty-nine were taken prisoners. Some were adopted by the Indians. Their hair was plucked from their heads, except the scalp-lock, then they were soused in a brook to rinse out the white blood, dressed in skins, and taken to a lodge, to fill the place of some who had died. Some of the captives were sold to the French in Canada, as slaves.

Among those taken, was Sarah Garrish, a beautiful child, seven years old, the granddaughter of Major Waldron.

She had many adventures on her way to Canada.

Once her master told her to stand against a tree; then charged his gun as if to shoot her.

Another time a squaw pushed her into the river. Sarah caught some bushes overhanging the bank, and pulled herself out of the water, but she did not dare to tell of what had happened.

One morning, very early, the camp went on their way, leaving her fast asleep in the snow. She was in a deep forest, where she could hear the cries of wild beasts. She knew she could not find her way back to the English settlements, and so she rose from her bed of snow, and ran in the tracks of the Indians, until she overtook them.

The young Indians were always frightening her, and told her she was soon to be burned to death.

One evening a large fire was built. The Indian boys and girls threw on the pine-knots, and ran about shouting in high glee, as if they had heard a very good piece of news.

When the flames were very high, Sarah's master called her to him, and told her she was to be burned.

The poor child threw her arms about the warrior's neck, and pleaded so hard for her life, that his heart was touched, and a few months afterward, she was restored to her parents. The war with the Indians of the frontiers continued for several months. It was very evident that the French were urging the Indians to their attacks, and doing all

they could to draw away the trade in codfish and furs, along the Penobscot and Connecticut rivers.

At last, the French governor, Frontenac, sent out two hundred French and Indian troops to attack Schenectady, a town of about five hundred inhabitants, twenty miles from Albany. It was winter. The snow lay deep on the ground. The little army traveled on snow-shoes. They threaded the forests guided by frozen rivers, and slept at night on pine branches.

Some one in Schenectady said that the gates should be guarded that night, but as the inhabitants looked out over the vast fields of snow, they laughed at the idea of any approach, set up snow images for sentinels, and retired within their warm homes to sleep.

The party of French and Indians arrived, and ran swiftly in at the unguarded gates. The slaughter was terrible.

A few escaped through the deep snow to Albany. Those not killed were carried away captive, and the glare of burning buildings lighted their pathway for many weary miles, as they were driven on, loaded with the plunder of their own homes.

At Haverhill two boys were at work in the fields. Their names were Isaac Bradley and Joseph Whittaker.

They were hoeing the corn when the Indians sprang from the woods and carried them off. Isaac was quick to learn, and soon understood all the Indians said, though he did not let them know this.

He heard they were soon to be sold to the French. He determined to escape. One night, when all the Indians lay sound asleep around the camp-fires, he awakened Joseph by pinching him softly on the ear. He motioned for him to follow, and then stole silently over the bodies of the sleeping men.

They wandered through deep forests, and just as they were thinking they had escaped, they heard the shouts of the Indians in pursuit. They crawled into a great, hollow log. A dog, running ahead of the Indians, traced them to the log, and they threw him a piece of dried meat to keep him quiet. They hardly breathed as the footsteps drew nearer. But the Indians passed on.

The two boys traveled by night, and hid by day. They dug roots for food, and, after six days of weary march, came suddenly upon an Indian camp. They were greatly frightened at this, but managed to steal away before they were seen. On they wandered, until Joseph could walk no farther, and lay on the ground to die. Isaac lifted

him up in his arms, and staggered on. He was just ready to fall under his burden, when he struck a path which led to a white trapper's cabin. Both boys were soon restored with food, and, after many long months, reached their own homes in Haverhill.

It was very evident that the French were urging the Indians to warfare.

The attacks on the frontiers of the North continued, until the alarm spread throughout all New England. Troops were raised for land and sea, to make war on the French.

A fleet of ships conquered Port Royal in Acadia. Then thirty-two vessels sailed up the St. Lawrence to conquer Quebec. But storms came on. Snow fell continually. The rocks in the river were dangerous for vessels in charge of unskilled pilots. So the fleet turned about for home. A high gale struck the prows. One vessel was wrecked; others foundered out in the open sea, and others sped away to the West Indies at the bidding of the hurricane.

Over two hundred men were lost, and again the coast was clear for the French to ravage the merchant ships along the English bays.

Then peace was made between England and France. But four years later war broke out again.

Another fleet, with more than seven thousand troops, sailed out of Boston Harbor in July, 1711, to conquer Quebec. The vessels lost their way in the thick fog of the St. Lawrence. Ten ships drifted against ledges of rocks, and went to pieces. A thousand soldiers were drowned.

Soon after this, another treaty of peace was made between England and France. Acadia became the English province of Nova Scotia by this treaty; yet so great had been the destruction of the war, that more than one hundred miles of the sea-coast of Maine had not a single English settlement, and the canoes of the red men sped undisturbed among its many bays.

But the busy New Englanders built ships and wharves, put in factories and mills, and extended their commerce more and more. Towns sprang up again on the coasts of Maine and New Hampshire. For twenty years there was peace.

Then war broke out again with France, called King George's War, because George II was king in England, and again the descendants of King Philip's warriors were called to their bloody work by the French. They attacked the English settlers on all the frontiers of the North.

Ft. Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, was the chief stronghold of the French. The wide harbor,

beneath its walls, was the safe retreat for privateers, who plundered the merchant ships of New England. The people said they should lay their heads together to capture this fort, or they would soon not be able to carry on any commerce.

Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island sent men and ships to Boston Harbor, and soon one hundred vessels set their sails for Louisburg. It was a great fleet. The red men crouched behind the rocks on the shore, and watched it disappear in the distance. They feared for the fate of their allies, and well they might.

After a siege of seven weeks, the great fortress surrendered, with all its cannon, and two thousand men.

There was joy in the colonies over this victory, which seemed to promise that the cruel wars would soon be over.

Boston Harbor was gay with ships flying their colors, and the batteries kept up a loud booming of guns. In the evening there was a bonfire on Boston Common, and curious fireworks were thrown up. In all New England there was rejoicing and festivities over the victory of Louisburg.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PIRATES.

WHILE the canoes of red savages clung to the coast, the ships of white outlaws scoured the high seas.

From the time of Sir Francis Drake, pirates had infested the coasts of America.

There was an ideal cove in Tortuga, where a lawless crew hid their plunder, and darted out to sea like sharks, to rob the passing ships. Their dress was a shirt and trousers, dipped in the blood of animals they killed. They wore shoes without stockings, a hat without a brim, and a leather girdle, from which hung a knife. Their vessels were boats made from the trunks of trees.

They were called buccaneers, from the way they roasted an ox. And soon the name buccaneer was given to all who followed after their evil ways.

When there were no Spanish galleons in sight, they plundered ships, loaded with cotton, sugar, tobacco and rice, from the West Indies, and sold these cargoes for round Spanish dollars.

A cargo of dried cod, a few hundred packs of

beaver and mink skins, or a load of ship-timber, found ready sale in the seaports of Europe; and so the colonial ships were much sought by the buccaneers.

Many stories are told of their revels.

Once some buccaneers captured a vessel, laden with horses, from Rhode Island. They went on board, made a raid on the larder, and, when well heated with rum, led the horses on deck, mounted and rode backwards and forwards, shouting and lashing, until the animals careered about with such frenzy that two or three of the madmen were thrown from their backs.

Then they leaped up in a rage, and fell upon the crew with their sabres, declaring they deserved death for not bringing boots and spurs, without which no man might be expected to ride well.

At one time, all the coast of New England was under the sway of Blackbeard.

This noted pirate received his name from the long, black beard which he twisted with ribbons into small black tails, and turned about his ears.

He usually appeared with three brace of pistols hanging to a scarf on his shoulders, and at night stuck lighted matches under his hat, which, with his fierce black eyes, gave him a very wild aspect, indeed.

The very mention of Blackbeard kept many a little New Englander wide awake for hours in the night.

His men landed at any of the ports they wished; they swaggered through the streets, picking quarrels with the people, and none dared to seize them, for fear of endangering the town.

Ships from Boston were scuttled; sloops from Connecticut, bearing cattle and sheep, were boarded; scows from Rhode Island were towed away to South American markets.

Captain Blackbeard was no respecter of flags, and plundered all ships alike. He seemed to like one nation about as well as another, and chose inlets along all coasts, where he pitched his tents and repaired his ships.

"Come down into the hold, my merry men, and we'll have a little fire and brimstone of our own," he once cried, when no sail was in sight, and time hung heavily on his hands.

With hatches shut down, this jolly captain lighted some pots of brimstone.

His own lungs were like leather, and he drank in the fumes of the sulphur, as if they were the dainty breath of a rose; and if any of his unfortunate mates fell to coughing or sneezing, they were straightway rapped on the head.

THE PIRATES.

Sneezing, coughing and howling with pain, the crew rushed at last for the hatchway; but there stood the captain, with a brace of pistols in each hand, and shot them down without respect to persons.

Another amusement of this jolly pirate was to make his prisoners walk a plank stuck out over the side of the vessel. Since nothing but death awaited them at either end of the plank, they always chose the mercy of the waves.

Most of Blackbeard's time was put in, cruising between Jamaica and the colonies.

At last, he met his fate in the person of an English officer, who, after a fierce fight, seized the captain and his crew, and sailed into harbor with the head of Blackbeard nailed to the bowsprit.

Then there was Captain Tew, of New York, who won a fortune on the sea, and then retired to Rhode Island, to live in princely style off his plunder, till the old fever came on again, and he was shot in a sea-fight.

And there was Captain Avery, who robbed Moorish ships, and hid his booty in Boston. Then, for safer keeping, he took his gold and silver plate to England, and, being discovered, never dared to claim the treasure from the deposit vaults.

And there was Captain Low, who took delight

in the torture of his merchant captives. He hated all men in New England, and seizing the crew of a merchant ship of New York, tortured them with burning matches, tied between their fingers.

He whipped the naked crew of a whaling vessel, off the coast of Maine, and made the master eat his own ears, with pepper and salt.

Besides the buccaneering off the coast of New England, the wars between New England and New France caused much privateering. Now, privateering was thought to be only a war on the sea. To capture and plunder each other's vessels, and take the crews prisoners, was a good way to weaken the enemy.

Once a fleet of seven sail of French privateers, ran down from Louisburg, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, captured Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and Block Island, and lay in wait for English ships.

The harbor of Newport was a favorite resort for them in winter. The white savages seemed worse than the red ones, and kept the country in a state of constant terror. Many settlers took what they had in Hartford, and the towns along the coast, and sought homes out of reach of the sea rovers.

Rhode Island prepared to defend her commerce. Seven high watch-towers were erected; heavy guns

were placed on Block Island. Then many English privateering vessels were fitted up in New England.

But, strange to say, it very often happened that when a merchant put cannon at his loopholes, received a commission from his governor to capture the French vessels, and sailed away, breathing vengeance on the pirates, and promising to bring back the head of the last one of them, he also turned pirate himself, and was soon off in the Spanish Main, coasting for any ship that might bring plunder. This turning of privateers into pirates became notorious; and, what seemed worse yet, the fisherfolk along the coast were tempted to harbor these English pirates, and divide the spoils with them. At first they did this with a very good conscience. They said the French were enemies, and it was the duty of patriotic citizens to impoverish the French.

But when the cargoes were bales of raw silk, and chests of opium, jewels and perfumes from India, they learned to ask no questions about what ships had been seized.

Now, all this plundering raised a great scandal among the staid Puritans of New England.

And when King William heard of it, he said it was a disgrace to his colonies, and must be stopped.

So proclamations were published by drum-beats through every town, requiring officers to arrest suspected pirates, and warning people not to harbor any such, on pain of punishment.

Then the New England governors looked about for a man who could best make war on English privateers who had turned pirates, and Captain Kidd seemed the very best man they could find.

He had been commander of a merchant vessel sailing between New York and London. He was celebrated for his skill, and knew most of the men who were rovers of the sea.

So Captain Kidd was put in command of the *Adventure*, a cruiser with thirty guns, and set sail from Plymouth, under the great seal of the admiral.

"Ho, for the pirates!" was the song at the wheel, as the crew sailed out of Plymouth harbor.

Kidd cruised around for a year, and, not finding any privateers worth running down, set his sails for the Red Sea, and turned pirate himself.

He plundered Moorish ships off the coast of Madagascar, and ravaged the Indian Ocean, from the Red Sea to Malabar. Then he returned to Rhode Island, to store away his treasures. For many years he preyed on the commerce of all nations, and hid his plunder on the islands of Narragansett Bay.

He used to hide himself and his vessel among the curious rocks in Sachem Head Harbor, and there, to this day, is the hollow stone, called Kidd's Punch Bowl, where, tradition declares, he used to carouse with his men.

Never, in the old days, was a band of Indian warriors at Sachem Head more lawless than Captain Kidd and his crew.

Once they landed on Gardener's Island, and requested a supper of Mrs. Gardener. The good woman, fearing the displeasure of the sea-robber, roasted a pig in her very best style. As a reward for the toothsome meal she prepared, Kidd presented his hostess with a cradle-blanket of cloth-of-gold.

Another time he buried a curious casket of jewels on Gardener's Island.

Now, the king had sent word to the governors of all the colonies, to arrest Captain Kidd, if ever he should return to his old haunts; but the command was easier to give than to execute.

Kidd hovered about the lovely bay of Narragansett, like the moth about a candle; people said it was because he had such vast treasure hidden there. At last he ventured into Rhode Island, and was captured. He was taken to Boston. Then he was sent to London, where he was tried, condemned and hanged.

But for many years he still lived in the minds of the simple fisherfolk of New England.

When the winds were high, and the tides swept in, they fully believed that the coast was haunted by Captain Kidd and his crew.

As for the Indians who dwelt on Nantucket and the neighboring islands, where the pirate ship sailed past, when they heard of helpless sailors tortured and thrown overboard to the whales, they shuddered with fear, and drew closer the mats at the doors of their wigwams.

"Why," they said, "do white men talk so much about the cruelty of red men!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS.

THE United Colonies of New England were kept very busy with Indians and charters, witches and pirates.

They found little time to watch the growth of their neighbors.

Meantime, many thousands from Europe had sought new homes to the south of them, until New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia became large colonies, with governors of their own.

Now, the colonies of the North knew very little about the colonies of the South.

Vast forests and marshes and deep rivers lay between them, and hostile Indians dwelt there, so that no white man dared travel between the two sections by land.

By sea, it took longer to go from Boston to Jamestown than it takes now to go to London.

Sometimes news was brought into the seaport towns of Indian wars in Virginia, or Spanish wars in Georgia; but these events always seemed to have happened far away in some foreign land. It

was the talk of the taverns at night, and forgotten the very next day.

But the time came when the scattered English colonies knew one another very well.

Common dangers drew them closer and closer together, until they united so firmly that nothing could ever separate them again.

First, they came to know each other better, because of the lands beyond the Alleghany mountains. Their charters gave them these lands. To be sure, they knew nothing about them, but they became restless, penned up within the narrow strip of land on the sea-coast, and began to look over the lofty mountain peaks, behind which the sun went down every night. They saw tangled forests and great rivers, and many tribes of red men and herds of wild game, of which they had never even heard the names.

They were astonished to see what a foothold the French had secured, in these lands which they themselves claimed.

The French had planted missions and trading-posts along the St. Lawrence, the great lakes and the Mississippi, and were already planning a vast empire to stretch from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi. The whole country was a paradise for traders. It was said

there were enough furs to furnish every pauper in England a beaver jacket, and that gold and silver were to be had for the digging.

When King George heard how his old enemies, the French, were taking away the territory claimed by the English, he resolved to occupy the lands with his own subjects.

So, in 1749, he promised a large tract of land, on the Ohio river, to any company which would plant a colony of one hundred persons there. The Ohio Company began to send out settlers immediately ; but before they could establish themselves, three hundred French soldiers took possession of the valley. Both nations now proceeded to build forts in the disputed territory. Deep in the forests they stood, and the Indians gazed up at their frowning walls with dread, as they glided past in their birch canoes. At their council fires, the warriors exclaimed in rage :

" Why do not the Palefaces settle their quarrels on their own land, or upon the sea, instead of here in our forests ! " Yet they were powerless to keep out the intruders.

Meanwhile, delegates from New England met at Albany, with other delegates from New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, and made a treaty with the Iroquois Indians.

Now the French had all the Indians as their friends, except these Iroquois, and the reason of their hostility happened in this way. When Samuel Champlain discovered the St. Lawrence, the Hurons dwelt north of the river, and were at war with the Iroquois, who dwelt south of them. When they saw the wonderful white man with his wonderful gun, they asked him to help them in their war with the Iroquois. Champlain did not know how powerful this enemy was, and consented to go with the Hurons.

So, on the shores of Lake Champlain, he fired into the Iroquois. They were in a great panic immediately. They heard the noise, saw their men fall about them, looked once at the Paleface in shining armor, and fled like a flock of sheep before a wolf. Champlain returned to France. But the Iroquois never forgot the French for this shame they had brought upon them.

They bought guns of the Dutch, and for many years guarded all the passes to the rich beaver lands of the Ohio.

They captured the transports of furs which the French traders had bought, and kept the western Indians in such a fright, that trade was greatly impaired.

And so it happened that, when the delegates

from the English colonies met the Iroquois at Albany, they found these Indians ready to enter into an alliance to fight their old enemies, the French.

In the spring of 1755, General Edward Braddock came over from England with British troops, and the English and French were again at war with each other. French officers in gold lace, trappers in doeskin, priests in their black robes, soldiers in the white uniform of the French king, gathered on the banks of the St. Lawrence. English grenadiers in red coats, Scotch Highlanders in plaids, and colonial troops in homespun, rallied from all the frontiers. Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, beat the drums, and the fife resounded among all the hills of New England. Garrets were ransacked for great-grandfathers' swords, rusted with the blood of King Philip's wars. The rattle of arms, the tread of soldiers, and the hurrahing of street boys, were heard in the towns from morning till night. Indians joined each side in war-paint and feathers, burning with the hate of over a hundred years.

There were many exploits worthy of recital here. Frowning forts were scaled, swollen rivers crossed and forests cut down. In the far west the the names of Washington, Stark, Putnam and Rogers were spoken in praise, for their daring deeds.

Meanwhile, on the coast of New England, a tragedy was taking place.

Nova Scotia, which the English colonies had captured forty years before, had been nearly forgotten.

The simple French peasants dwelt in their old houses, as they had done before the fort in the harbor was taken. They reclaimed the wild lands from the forest and ocean. Meadows were covered with flocks, and fields of waving grain furnished an abundance of food. Matrons and maids were busy at the spinning-wheel, and the few luxuries were bought in exchange for furs or grain.

And so they lived, in a simple, honest fashion, busy with the common toils of the day.

They loved the language and the religion of their forefathers. They had their parish priests, and settled their own disputes among themselves.

No wars came to weaken them, and, at the time of this French and Indian war, there were sixteen thousand Acadians in Nova Scotia.

"What should be done with these Frenchmen?" asked the people of New England. There they were at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. They might join their countrymen and make war on the colonies.

They would, at least, furnish food to the French

garrisons across the bay. So they were forced to surrender their boats and firearms.

But still the Acadians were a thorn in the side of New England. What should be done with them?

To fortify the island would require money and men. At last it was decided to drive them from their homes, and scatter them through the colonies.

Governor Lawrence, with his New England troops, sailed to the North, and captured the two French forts on the narrow neck, which separated Nova Scotia from Canada.

Then he ordered all the Acadians to come together in the different towns. They went without arms: for they had none.

At Grand-Pré, four thousand and eighteen Frenchmen were marched into church.

Then, they were told by an officer, that they were the prisoners of the English king, who commanded them to leave Acadia forever.

A cry of horror arose from the wretched men, which was answered by the waiting women and children outside the church, who feared, they knew not what. Ships lay waiting in the harbor.

The young men were ordered to embark first. There was no use to rebel. The soldiers were beside them with pointed bayonets. They marched

from the church to the vessels, between lines of weeping women. Then the old men went next. The vessels were filled and sailed away. No one knew to what ports they went.

The women and children remained behind in the bitter cold weather, suffering for food and shelter, until the ships came back to bear them away to exile.

Seven thousand French people were thus scattered throughout the American colonies.

One thousand were landed in Massachusetts. There they stood in a strange land. They could not speak a word of the English language. They needed food, clothing, and a place to rest, after the long sea voyage. But crowds of thoughtless boys teased them, as you see them do to-day, when foreign immigrants land at Castle Garden. It was a heart-rending scene as these thrifty French people, who had owned homes of their own, were scattered among the alms-houses, or made servants in the kitchens of their masters. Many families were never reunited. Mothers mourned their children; wives mourned their husbands.

Some escaped from the colonies in boats, and coasted northward toward their old homes; but they were soon seized, and forced to go ashore again.

Their cattle, sheep and horses were taken by the English officers. Their lands in Acadia went back to the first wilderness. Dikes were broken in by the ocean. Orchards were choked by thickets; the thatched roofs of cottages fell in from decay.

And as the Indian trappers wandered over the deserted lands, they sadly said, "All must perish, even Paleface brothers, who stand in the path of the English."

CHAPTER XL.

THE LAST INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Scotch Highlanders, English red-coats, and American troops, in homespun, drove the French and Indians from the western forts, until at last only Montreal and Quebec remained to be conquered.

A great armament, under command of General Wolfe, sailed past the bays of New England on its way to the capital of the French.

There were twenty-two ships-of-line, and as many frigates and armed vessels, and eight thousand men, were borne through the waves to meet victory or death. Pennons were streaming, oars were flashing, and white sails were unfurled to the breeze, as they moved past the towns by the sea.

Weeks passed. One day, a ship with red streamers sailed swiftly into Boston harbor, and brought the news of the surrender of Quebec. The key of Canada had been taken! Montreal surrendered a few months later, and at last the cruel French and Indian wars were over.

There was joy throughout the colonies. Bonfires blazed on every hill. Newspapers scattered the news.

The American people were grateful to England for aid in the war, and erected monuments to the king and to the generals, who had lost their lives in defense of English soil in America.

The legislatures, of the different states, vied with each other in eulogies. They called George II the "Scourge of Tyrants, and the Hope of the Oppressed."

There was sorrow for the dead, and pity for the living who were crippled for the rest of their lives.

But there was peace once more in all the land. The plow again turned up the rich soil for the golden grain. The wheels went round. The ships sped over the ocean without fear of privateers.

Rhode Island alone, soon had one hundred and eighty-four vessels bound for foreign parts, and three hundred and fifty for the coasting trade, and all the bays were white with the sails of ships from every sea.

England began to say that the colonies of America were the fairest jewels in the crown.

Nearly eighty years had passed since the last remnants of King Philip's wars had guided the

French to the towns of New England. The warriors of one generation had read the wampum belts of the generation that had gone. They had found sweet revenge as they followed the warpath to the English, over the hidden trails of their forefathers.

But now the last battle was over. The last scalp was taken. The dusky warriors withdrew from the rivers, ponds, and hunting-grounds, in the Land of the Bays, and pushed farther to the west.

At the close of the war, there were ninety families on the island of Nantucket. But in a few months, over two hundred persons died from a terrible disease. At the same time, the famous bluefish disappeared from the coves of the island. The natives saw, in this, a gloomy omen of their own end. They abandoned their churches, and soon a straggling little band, broken in spirit and wasted in body, was all that was left of the thousands who had formerly dwelt on Nantucket.

The Mount Hope of Massasoit, which had fallen to Plymouth, by conquest, was sold to four Boston merchants, and the Wampanoags were seen there no more.

The last remnants of the proud Narragansetts dwelt near Charlestown, Rhode Island.

There, on a neighboring hill, was the burial-

place of their kings. Toward the morning sun was the dark mass of hemlocks, near which Canonchet had fallen. Near by, in Sachem's Plain, towered the high pile of stone, beneath which proud, young Miantonomo found release from the insults of the Palefaces.

In Massachusetts, the few Indians in the praying towns hired out as servants, or wandered about as vagrants. They married among the negroes, and soon were known no more as a race.

In Connecticut, a few red men still dwelt on their own lands; but no scalps hung in their wigwams, no squaw pounded the corn as of yore, no deer lurked in the forest. The wigwams of skins were changed to shanties of pine, and the sons of famous warriors cut firewood, and peddled baskets, from village to village.

In New Hampshire, where the mountains tower above the blue lakes, dwelt Chocorua, the last chief of his tribe. When he had buried his wife by the side of the brook, all that was left to him was his little son.

One day the boy visited the home of Mr. Campbell, and died very soon after. The chief was frantic in his grief. He brooded over his loss, until he was convinced that his son had been poisoned, and he resolved to avenge his death.

One night, when Mr. Campbell returned from his work in the field, he found all his family dead. They had been scalped in the most brutal manner. Chocorua had been there. The white settlers banded together in pursuit. They found the chieftain standing on the brow of a high cliff. He stood like some stone image far above his enemies.

"Throw yourself down from the cliff, or we shoot," shouted the men below. No answer came back. Again the men called, and pointed their muskets. "I shall not throw my life away at the bidding of any white man," cried out the chieftain, in broken English.

His pursuers sent a volley of shot up the mountain. The lonely chieftain stood erect for a moment, stretched out his hands, and pronounced an awful curse upon the white men who had destroyed his race. Then the last of the New Hampshire tribe fell on his face. It is tradition, that the trees, at the base of this mountain, withered, meadows lay parched like a desert, brooks dried up, cattle died of disease, and the white settlers moved away from the spot which was cursed by the chieftain, Chocorua,

A few years later, an Indian chief returned from the far west to visit his old hunting-grounds. He

DEATH OF CHOCORUA.

came to New York City, and seemed much dejected as he looked out over the beautiful bay.

"I have been looking at your great city," he said, "and see how happy you all are. But, then, I cannot help thinking that this fine country, and this great water, was once ours. It was the gift of the great Spirit to our ancestors, and to their children.

"At last the white people came in a great canoe. They asked only to tie the canoe to a tree, lest the waters should carry it away. Then they said some of their people were sick, and asked permission to land them, and put them under the shade of the trees. The ice came, and they could not go away. They begged for a piece of land, to build wigwams for the winter. Then they asked for some corn, to keep them from starving, and promised to go away when the ice was gone.

"When spring came, we told them they must go away with their big canoe; but they pointed to the great guns around their wigwams, and said they would stay there. We could not make them go away.

"Afterwards, more came. They brought fire-water with them, of which the Indians became very fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land. They drove us back, from time to time, into the

wilderness, far from the water and the fish and the oysters.

"They have destroyed the game. Our people have wasted away; we, who live, are miserable and wretched, while you are rejoicing over your free and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, brethren, and I cannot help it."

"When you came over the morning waters," said one sachem of Massachusetts, "we took you into our arms, we fed you with our best meat. Never went white man cold and hungry from an Indian wigwam."

But the red men and the white men could not dwell together.

In Maine, one of the Kennebec tribes settled on a grant of land with several white men. He was not ill-treated; but there was a deep-seated prejudice against him, and he felt a stranger in their midst. His only child died. No neighbors came near to help him with the last sad rites of burial. Shortly after, he called at the home of one of the settlers. He bore traces of great grief and sadly said: "When the white man's child die, Indian very sorry. He help bury him. He shed tears. When Indian child die, no one speak. I make his grave alone. I can no live here."

And he gave up his farm, dug up the body of

his child, and carried it two hundred miles through the forests, to join the Canadian Indians.

When another Indian was asked to settle in one of the white towns, he shook his head. "Here I am, deaf and dumb," he said, "I do not talk your language. I can neither hear, nor make myself heard. When I walk through your busy streets, I see every person in his shop. One makes shoes, another hats, a third sells cloth, and every man lives by his labor. I can not do one of these things. I can make a bow, catch fish, kill game and go to war; but none of these things is of any use to me here."

"We are driven back until we can retreat no farther," said another old warrior. "Our hatchets are broken, our bows are snapped, our fires are nearly extinguished. A little longer, and the white man shall cease to persecute us, for we shall cease to exist."

The last tribute of wampum had been paid. The white men had now the pine shilling, and the gold and silver from the mint of England, in return for the products of the soil.

They built their log cabins in the edge of the forests, until the Indians fled beyond the great Father of Waters.

The red men of New England left no lofty

ruin behind them. Only a few arrow-heads and strings of wampum, dug up by the plow, a few names of mountains, streams and valleys, remain to tell of the once proud race that roamed in the Land of the Bays.

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